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Poetry.

THE WOUNDED FRENCHMAN.

"Gretchen! Gretchen! run, my daugther;
There's a Frenchman down by the wall."

"Mother, I'll not run from a Frenchman,
Save to give him a pistol ball."

"Gretchen! Gretchen! Think of your brother
Following Fritz so far away."

"Mother, I hope he is making the Frenchman
Dance to the roll of his drum to-day."

"Aye, but Gret, suppose he is fainting,
Famishing, down by a Frenchman's wall."

"Mother! O my God protect us!
Hear you some one out in the hall!"

"Stop, my Gretchen! where are you going?
There is nobody there at all."

"Mother, I am going to see the Frenchman,
Wounded under the garden wall."

Selected Story.

COUPON BONDS.

CONCLUDED.

Early next morning the old mare was harnessed, and Taddy's adopted parents set out to visit their daughter,—Mrs. Ducklow having postponed her washing for the purpose. It was afternoon when they arrived at their journey's end. Laura received them joyfully, but Josiah was not expected home until evening. Mr. Ducklow put the old mare in the barn, and fed her, and then went in to dinner, feeling very comfortable indeed.

"Josiah 's got a nice place here. That is about as slick a little barn as I ever see. Always does me good to come over here and see you gittin' along so nicely, Laury."

"I wish you'd come oftener, then," said Laura.

"Wal, it's hard leavin' home, ye know. Have to git one of the Atkins boys to come and sleep with Taddy the night we're away."

"We should n't have come to-day, if't had n't been for me," remarked Mrs. Ducklow. "Says I to your father, says I, 'I feel as if I wanted to go over and see Laury; it seems an age since I've seen her,' says I. 'Wal,' says he, 's'pos'n' we go!' says he. That was only last Saturday, and this morning we started."

"And it's no fool of a job to make the journey with the old mare!" said Ducklow.

"Why don't you drive a better horse?" said Laura, whose pride was always touched when her parents came to visit her with the old mare and the one-horse wagon.

"Oh, she answers my purpose. Hoss-flesh is high, Laury. Have to economize these times."

"I'm sure there is no need of your economizing!" exclaimed Laura, leading the way to the dining-room. "Why don't you use your money, and have the good of it?"

"So I tell him," said Mrs. Ducklow, faintly.—"Why, Laury! I did'nt want you to be to so much trouble to git dinner jest for us! A bite would have answered. Do see, father!"

At evening Josiah came home; and it was not until then that Ducklow mentioned the subject which was foremost in his thoughts.

"What do ye think o' Gov'ment bonds, Josiah?" he incidentally inquired after supper.

"First-rate!" said Josiah.

"About as safe as anything, a'n't they?" said Ducklow, encouraged.

"Safe?" cried Josiah. "Just look at the resources of this country! Nobody has begun yet to appreciate the power and undeveloped wealth of these United States. It's a big rebellion, I know; but we're going to put it down. It'll leave us a big debt, very sure; but we handle it now easy as that child lifts that stool. It makes him grunt and stagger a little, not because he is n't strong enough for it, but because he can't understand his own strength, or how to use it; he'll have twice the strength, and know just how to apply it, in a little while. Just so with this country. It makes me laugh to hear folks talk about repudiation and bankruptcy."

"But s'pos'n' we do put down the Rebellion, and the States come back; then what's to hender the South, and Secesh sympathyzers in the North, from jinin' together and votin' that the debt sha'n't be paid?"

"Don't you worry about that! Do ye suppose we're going to be such fools as to give the Rebels, after we've whipped 'em, the same political power they had before the war? Not by a long chalk! Sooner than that we'll put the ballot into the hands of the freedmen. They're our friends. They've fought on the right side, and they'll vote on the right side. I tell ye, spite of all the prejudice there is against black skins, we a'n't such a nation of ninnies as to give up all we're fighting for, and leave our best friends and allies, not to speak of our interests, in the hands of our enemies."

"You consider Gov'ments a good investment, then, do ye?" said Ducklow, growing radiant.

"I do, decidedly,—the very best. Besides you help the Government; and that's no small consideration."

"So I thought. But how is it about the cowpon bonds? A'n't they rather ticklish property to have in the house?"

"Well, I don't know. Think how many years you'll keep old bills and documents and never dream of such a thing as losing them! There's not a bit more danger with the bonds. I should'nt want to carry 'em around with me, to any great amount,—though I did once carry three thousand dollar bonds in my pocket for a week. I did'nt mind it."

"Curis!" said Ducklow: "I've got three thousand-dollar bonds in my pocket this minute!"

"Well, it's so much good property," said Josiah, appearing not at all surprised at the circumstance.

"Seems to me, though, if I had a safe, as you have, I should lock 'em up in it."

"I was travelling that week. I locked 'em up pretty soon after I got home, though."

"Suppose," said Ducklow, as if the thought had just occurred to him,—"suppose you put my bonds into your safe: I shall feel easier."

"Of course," replied Josiah. "I'll keep 'em for you, if you like."

"It will be an accommodation. They'll be safe, will they?"

"Safe as mine are; safe as anybody's. I'll insure 'em for twenty-five cents."

Ducklow was happy. Mrs. Ducklow was happy. She took her husband's coat, and with a pair of scissors cut the threads that stitched the envelope to the pocket.

"Have you torn off the May coupons?" asked Josiah.

"No."

"Well, you'd better. They'll be payable now soon; and if you take them, you won't have to touch the bonds again till the interest on the November coupons is due."

"A good idea!" said Ducklow.

He took the envelope, untied the tape, and removed its contents. Suddenly the glow of comfort, the gleam of satisfaction faded from his countenance.

"Hello! What ye got there?" cried Josiah.

"Why, father! massy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow.

As for Ducklow himself, he could not utter a word; but dumb with consternation, he looked again in the envelope, and opened and turned inside out, and shook, with trembling hands, its astonishing contents. The bonds were not there: they had been stolen, and three coppies of the "Sunday Visitor" had been inserted in their place.

Very early on the following morning a dismal faced middle-aged couple might have been seen riding away from Josiah's house. It was the Ducklow's returning home, after their fruitless, their worse than fruitless, journey. No entreaties could prevail upon them to prolong their visit. It was with difficulty even that they had been prevented from setting off immediately on the discovery of their loss, and traveling all night, in their impatience to get upon the track of the missing bonds.

"There'll be not the least use in going to-night," Josiah had said. "If they were stolen at the bank, you can't do anything about it till to-morrow. And even if they were taken from your own house, I don't see what's to be gained now by hurrying back. It isn't probable you'll ever see 'em again, and you may just as well take it easy,—go to bed and sleep on it, and get a fresh start in the morning."

So, much against their inclination, the unfortunate owners of the abstracted bonds retired to the luxurious chamber Laura gave them, and lay awake all night, groaning and sighing, wondering and surmising, and (I regret to add) blaming each other. So true it is, that "modern conveniences," hot and cold water all over the house, a pier-glass, and the most magnificently canopied couch, avail nothing to give tranquility to the harassed mind. Hitherto the Ducklows had felt great satisfaction in the style their daughter, by her marriage, was able to support. To brag of her nice house and furniture and two servants was almost as good as possessing them. Remembering her rich dining room and silver service and porcelain, they were proud. Such things were enough for the honor of the family; and, asking nothing for themselves, they slept, well in their humblest of bed-chambers, and sipped their tea contentedly out of clumsy earthen. But that night the boasted style in which their "darter" lived was less appreciated than formerly; fashion and splendor were no longer a consolation.

"If we had only given the three thousan' dollars to Reuben!" said Ducklow, driving homewards with a countenance as long as his whip lash. "'T would have just set him up, and been some compensation for his sufferin's and losses goin to the war."

"Wal, I had no objections," replied Mrs. Ducklow. "I always thought he ought to have the money eventooally. And, as Mrs. Beswick said, no doubt it would 'a' been ten times the comfort to him now it would be a number o' years from now. But you didn't seem willing."

"I don't know! 't was you that wasn't willin'!"

And they expatiated on Reuben's merits, and their benevolent intentions towards him, and, in imagination, endowed him with the price of the bonds over and over again: so easy is it to be generous with lost money!

"But it's no use talkin'!" said Ducklow. I've not the least idee we shall ever see the color o' them bonds again. If they were stolen at the bank, I can't prove anything."

"It does seem strange to me," Mrs Ducklow replied, "that you should have had no more gumption than to trust the bonds with strangers, when they told you in so many words they wouldn't be responsible."

"If you have flung that in my teeth once, you have fifty times!" And Ducklow lashed the old mare, as if she, and not Mrs. Ducklow, had exasperated him.

"Wal," said the lady, "I don't see how we're going to work to find 'em, now they're lost, without making inquiries; and we can't make inquiries without letting it be known we had bought."

"I been thinkin' about that," said her husband. "Oh, dear! what a groan; I wish the pesky cowpon bonds had never been invented!"

They drove first to the bank, where they were of course told that the envelope had not been untied there. "Besides, it was sealed, wasn't it?" said the cashier. "Indeed!" He expressed great surprise, when he was informed that it was not. "It should have been: I supposed any child would have known enough to look out for that!"

And this was all the consolation Ducklow could obtain.

"Just as I expected," said Mrs. Ducklow, as they resumed their journey. "I just as much believe that man stole your bonds as that you trusted 'em in his hands in an unsealed wrapper! Beats all, how you could be so careless!"

"Wal, wal! I s'pose I never shall hear the last on't!"

And again the poor old mare had to suffer for Mrs. Ducklow's offences.

They had but one hope now,—that perhaps Taddy had tampered with the envelope, and that the bonds might be found somewhere about the house. But this hope was quickly extinguished on their arrival. Taddy, being accused, protested his innocence with a vehemence which convinced even Mr. Ducklow that the cashier was probably the guilty party.

"Unless," said he, brandishing the rattan, "somebody got into the house that morning when the little scamp run off to ride with the minister!"

"Oh, don't lick me for that! I've been licked for that once; ha'n't I, Ma Ducklow?" shrieked Taddy.

The house was searched in vain. No clew to the purloined securities could be obtained,—the coppies of the "Sunday Visitor," which had been substituted for them, affording not the least; that valuable little paper was found in almost every household, except Ducklow's.

"I don't see any way left but to advertise, as Josiah said," remarked the farmer, with a deep sigh of despondency.

"And that'll bring it all out," exclaimed Mrs. ducklow. "If you only hadn't been so imprudent!"

"Wal, wal!" said Ducklow, cutting her short.

Before sorting to public measures for the recovery of the stolen property, it was deemed expedient to acquaint their friends with their loss in a private way. The next day, accordingly, they went to pay Reuben a visit. It was a very different meeting from that which took place a few mornings before. The returned soldier had gained in health, but not in spirits. The rapture of reaching home once more, the flush of hope and happiness, had passed away with the visitors who had flocked to offer their congratulations. He had had time to reflect: he had reached home, indeed; but now every moment reminded him how soon that home was to be taken from him. He looked at his wife and children, and clenched his teeth to stifle the emotions that rose at the thought of their future. The sweet serenity, the faith and patience and cheerfulness, which never ceased to illuminate Sophronia's face as she moved about the house, pursuing her daily tasks, and tenderly waiting upon him, deepened at once his love and his solicitude. He was watching her thus when the Ducklows entered with countenances mournful as the grave.

"How are you gettin' along, Reuben?" said Ducklow, while his wife murmured a solemn "good morning" to Sophorina.

"I am doing well enough. Don't be at all concerned about me! It a'n't pleasant to lie here, and feel it may be months, months, before I'm able to be about my business; but I wouldn't mind it,—I could stand it first-rate,—I could stand anything, anything, but to see her work her life out for me and the children! To no purpose, either; that's the worst of it. We shall have to loose the place, spite of fate!"

"Oh, Reuben!" said Sophronia, hastening to him, and laying her soothing hands upon his hot forehead; "why won't you stop thinking about that? Do try to have more faith! We shall be taken care of, I'm sure!"

"If I had three thousand dollars,—yes, or even two,—then I'd have faith!" said Reuben. "Miss Beswick has proposed to send a subscription paper around town for us; but I'd rather die than have it done. Besides, nothing near that amount could be raised, I'm confident. You needn't groan so, Pa Ducklow, for I a'n't hinting at you. I don't expect you to help me out of my trouble. If you had felt called upon to do it, you'd have done it before now; and I don't ask, I don't beg of any man!" added the soldier, proudly.

"That's right; I like your spirit!" said the miserable Ducklow. "But I was sighing to think of something—something you hav'nt known anything about, Reuben."

"Yes, Reuben, we should have helped you," said Mrs. Ducklow, "and did, did take steps towards it"—

"In fact," resumed Ducklow, "you've met with a great misfortin', Reuben.—Unbeknown to yourself, you've met with a great misfortin,! Yer Ma Ducklow knows."

"Yes, Reuben, the very day you came home, your Pa Ducklow made an investment for your benefit. We didn't mention it,—you know I wouldn't own up to it, though I didn't exactly say the contrary, the morning we was over here"—

"Because," said Ducklow, as she faltered, "we wanted to surprise you; we was keepin' it a secret till the right time, then we was goin' to make it a pleasant surprise to ye."

"What in the name of common sense are you talking about?" cried Reuben, looking from one to the other of the wretched, prevaricating pair.

"Cowpon bonds!" groaned Ducklow. "Three thousand-dollar cowpon bonds! The money had been lent, but I wanted to make a good investment for you, and I thought there was nothin' so good as Gov'ments"——

"That 's all right," said Reuben.—"Only, if you had money to invest for my benefit, I should have preferred to pay off the mortgage the first thing."

"Sartin! sartin!" said Ducklow; "and you could have turned the bonds right in, if you had so chosen, like so much cash. Or you could have drawned your interest on the bonds in gold, and paid the interest on your mortgage in currency, and made so much, as I rather thought you would."

"But the bonds?" eagerly demanded Reuben, with trembling hopes, just as Miss Beswick, with her shawl over her head, entered the room.

"We was just telling about our loss—Reuben's loss," said Mrs. Ducklow, in a manner which betrayed no little anxiety to conciliate that terrible woman.

"Very well! don't let me interrupt." And Miss Beswick, slipping the shawl from her head, sat down.

Her presence, stiff and prim and sarcastic, did not tend in the least to relieve Mr. Ducklow from the natural embarrassment he felt in giving his version of Reuben's loss. However, assisted occasionally by a judicious remark thrown in by Mrs. Ducklow, he succeeded in telling a sufficiently plausible and candid-seeming story.

"I see! I see!" said Reuben, who had listened with astonishment and pain to the narrative. "You had kinder intentions towards me than I gave you credit for. Forgive me, if I wronged you!" He pressed the hand of his adopted father, and thanked him from a heart filled with gratitude and trouble. "But don't feel so bad about it. You did what you thought best. I can only say, the fates are against me."

"Hem!" coughing, Miss Beswick stretched up her long neck and cleared her throat. "So them bonds you had bought for Reuben was in the house the very night I called!"

"Yes, Miss Beswick," replied Mrs. Ducklow; "and that's what made it so uncomfortable to us to have you talk the way you did."

"Hem!" The neck was stretched up still farther than before, and the redoubtable throat cleared again. "'Twas too bad! Ye ought to have told me. You'd actually bought the bond,—bought 'em for Reuben, had ye?"

"Sartin! satin!" said Ducklow.

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Ducklow.

"We designed 'em for his benefit, a surprise, when the right time come," said both together.

"Hem! well!" (It was evident that the Beswick was clearing her decks for action.) "When the right time come! yes! That right time wasn't somethin' indefinite, in the future, of course! Yer losin' the bonds didn't hurry up yer benevolence the least grain, I s'pose! Hem! let in them boys, Sophrony!"

Sophronia opened the door, and in walked Master Dick Atkins, (son of the brush burner,) followed, not without reluctance and concern, by Master Taddy.

"Thaddeus! what you here for?" demanded the adopted parents.

"Because I said so," remarked Miss Beswick, arbitrarily. "Step along, boys, step along. Hold up yer head, Taddy, for ye a'n't goin' to be hurt while I'm around. Take yer fists out o' yer eyes, and stop blubberin'. Mr. Ducklow, that boy knows somethin' about Reuben's cowpon bonds."

"Thaddeus!" ejaculated both Ducklows at once, "did you touch them bonds?"

"Did n't know what they was!" whimpered Taddy.

"Did you take them?" And the female Ducklow grasped his shoulder.

"Hands off, if you please!" remarked Miss Beswick, with frightfully gleaming courtesy. "I told him, if he'd be a good boy, and come along with Richard, and tell the truth, he shouldn't be hurt. *If you please*," she repeated, with a majestic nod; and Mrs. Ducklow took her hands off.

"Where are they now? where are they?" cried Ducklow, rushing headlong to the main question.

"Don't know," said Taddy.

"Don't know? you villain!" And Ducklow was rising in wrath. But Miss Beswick put up her hand deprecatingly.

"If you please! she said, with grim civility; and Ducklow sank down again.

"What did you do with 'em? what did you want of 'em?" said Mrs. Ducklow, with difficulty restraining an impulse to wring his neck.

"To cover my kite," confessed the miserable Taddy.

"Cover your kite! your kite!" A chorus of groans from the Ducklows. "Didn't you know no better?"

"Didn't think you'd care," said Taddy. "I had some newspapers Dick give me to cover it; but I thought them things 'u'd be pootier. So I took 'em, and put the newspapers in the wrapper."

"Did ye cover yer kite?"

"No. When I found out you cared so much about 'em, I dars'nt; I was afraid you'd see 'em."

"Then what *did* you do with 'em?"

"When you was away, Dick come over to sleep with me, and I—I sold 'em to him."

"Sold 'em to Dick!"

"Yes," spoke up Dick, stoutly, "for six marbles, and one was a bull's-eye, and one agate, and two alleys. Then, when you come home and made such a fuss, he wanted 'em ag'in. But he wouldn't give me back but four, and I wan't goin' to agree to no such nonsense as that."

"I'd lost the bull's-eye and one common," whined Taddy.

"But the bonds! did you destroy 'em?"

"Likely I'd destroy 'em, after I'd paid six marbles for 'em!" said Dick. "I wanted 'em to cover *my* kite with."

"Cover *your*—oh! then *you*'ve made a kite of 'em?" said Ducklow.

"Well, I was going to, when Aunt Beswick ketched me at it. She made me tell where I got 'em, and took me over to your house jest now; and Taddy said you was over here, and so she put ahead, and made us follow her."

Again, in an agony of impatience, Ducklow demanded to know where the bonds were at that moment.

"If Taddy 'll give me back the marbles," began Master Dick.

"That 'll do!" said Miss Beswick, silencing him with a gesture. "Reuben will give you twenty marbles; for I believe you said they was Reuben's bonds, Mr. Ducklow?"

"Yes, that is"—— stammered the adopted father.

"Eventooally," struck in the adopted mother.

"Now look here! What am I to understand? Be they Reuben's bonds, or be they not? That's the question!" And there was that in Miss Beswick's look which said, "If they are not Reuben's, then your eyes shall never behold them more!"

"Of course they're Reuben's!" "We intended all the while"—"His benefit"—"To do jest what he pleases with 'em," chorused Pa and Ma Ducklow.

"Wall now it's understood! Here, Reuben, are your cowpon bonds!"

And Miss Beswick, drawing them from her bosom, placed the precious documents with formal politeness, in the glad soldier's agitated hands.

"Glory!" cried Reuben, assuring himself that they were genuine and real. "Sophrony, you've got a home! Rube, Carrie, you've got a home! Miss Beswick! you angel from the skies! order a bushel and a half of marbles for Dick, and have the bill sent to me! Oh, Pa Ducklow! you never did a nobler or more generous thing in your life. These will lift the mortgage, and leave me a nest-egg besides. Then when I get my back pay and my pension, and my health again, we shall be independent."

And the soldier, overcome by his feelings, sank back into the arms of his wife.

"We always told you we'd do well by ye, you remember?" said the Ducklows, triumphantly.

The news went abroad. Again congratulations poured in upon the returned volunteer. Everybody rejoiced in his good fortune, especially certain rich ones who had been dreading to see Miss Beswick come round with her proposed subscription paper.

Among the rest, the Ducklows rejoiced not the least; for selfishness was with them, as it is with many, rather a thing of habit than a fault of the heart. The catastrophe of the bonds broke up that life-long habit, and revealed good hearts underneath. The consciousness of having done an act of justice, although by accident, proved very sweet to them: it was really a fresh sensation; and Reuben and his dear little family, saved from ruin and distress, happy, thankful, glad, was a sight to their old eyes such as they had never witnessed before. Not gold itself, at the highest premium, could have given them so much satisfaction; and as for coupon bonds, they are not to be mentioned in the comparison.

"Won't you do well by me sometime, too?" teased little Taddy, who overheard his adopted parents congratulating themselves on having acted so generously by Reuben. "I don't care for no cowpon bonds, but I do want a new drum!"

"Yes, yes, my son!" said Ducklow, patting the boy's shoulder.

And the drum was bought.

Taddy was delighted. But he did not know what made the Ducklows so much happier, so much gentler and kinder, than formerly. Do you?

Miscellany.

Female Thieves.

From the New York World.

Seventy-three portraits of female thieves adorn the photographic album known as the "Rogue's Gallery" at the Police Headquarters. The women who have attained this bad eminence are classified according to the species of thievery they individually commit, as follows: Pick-pockets, 34; shoplifters, 27; dishonest servants, 9; boarding-house thieves, 1; hotel thieves, 1, and panel thieves 1. From this statement the reader must not infer that there are but seventy-three professional female thieves in New York, for on the contrary there are five hundred.

Female thieves have better chances for success than male thieves of a similar class. A female shoplifter is more difficult of detection than a male one, not only from the suitability of her dress, the cloak or shawl so well adapted for concealing goods, but from her surroundings and herself. Where the slightest doubt as to personality exists, one does not suspect a woman of robbery half so readily as a man. And, if a woman succeeds in a large robbery, the chances of detection by her subsequent conduct are smaller than if a man were the culprit. A smart respectable looking woman thief in such a situation does not spend the money obtained by the robbery in vile bar-rooms, where the eyes of detectives would be drawn upon her by the very fact of her being there. The woman thief goes to the theatre in her quiet way, drinks at home or none at all, and occasionally takes a ride through the Central Park or out into the country, and returns to the city like any one else.

THEIR PRIVATE LIFE.

The popular idea of men and women dropping suddenly into thievery is erroneous. It is very doubtful if one case out of one hundred occurs of that kind. Female thieves, with very few exceptions, are generally of loose character before they become, technically speaking, thieves; and nine tenths of the female thieves now in New York have been under the ban. Some were reared up to thievery as a profession by their thief parents; others glided into crime almost imperceptibly, as in the case of an expert female thief, whose first step in crime was stealing two children's picnic tickets from her pastor's desk in church. Some few of the female thieves of New York are of good education, but the vast majority do not know how to read or write. The greater part of them live in furnished rooms, for which they pay exorbitant rents per week, and herd together in small settlements. Thus one block in the Tenth Ward is habited solely by men and women of questionable character. Though so extremely lax in morals, female thieves take an especial pride in being married to some man, no matter how bad a character he may have, and a detective, on arresting a panel thief one night, was half amused, half disgusted at the celerity with which she produced a marriage certificate in proof of her good character. In some infinitely few cases female thieves reform. Policemen occasionally marry female thieves, but there are not a half dozen authenticated cases of the kind on record.

FEMALE PICKPOCKETS.

The most expert female pickpockets are natives of England, and the two best known to the police in this city, Louisa Jourdan and Mary Ann Taylor, are both from Old Albion. Shoplifting has gradually outrivalled pickpocketing among the female thieves, and the business is not what it used to be. The street cars, public markets, ferry houses, and dry goods palaces are usually selected by the female pickpockets as their fields of action.

Louisa Jourdan has the reputation of being the smartest and best looking female pickpocket. She is about thirty years of age, with long brown hair, blue eyes, and clear complexion. She is four feet nine inches high, extremely ladylike in appearance, and agreeably deceiving in her address. She was born at Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, England, her father being a farmer near that city, and received a tolerable education. When 14 years old she went as lady's-maid with a Baroness to Paris, Baden Baden, and on the grand tour. Returning to England, she was persuaded by a London burglar to steal her mistress' jewelry, and fled to London, where her tempter made her an accomplished pickpocket. Through some accident, ten years ago, Louisa found herself in Brazil and destitute of friends, turned to the light-fingered art again for a living. Brazilian justice is short and not sweet, and Louisa one morning was minus one half of her right ear, cut off by the alcade of a Brazilian town. She was first known in this city in 1862. She was then arrested at A. T. Stewart's and sent on the Island. Again arrested, she fled to Boston, forfeiting her bail, and after the storm had blown over returned to this city where she married Thomas McCormick, the burglar, who some time ago shot and killed James Casey, another burglar, in a brawl over the spoils of the Philadelphia Savings Bank, at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, and who was himself shot while attempting a burglary a few mornings ago by Officer Nehemiah, at Albany. They lived in Mercer street, but McCormick used her badly, and she left him. She then became associated with W. J. Searkey, Frank Clark, and Alex. Purple. She was arrested in Poughkeepsie, and put in jail there, where she now is. Her pseudonyms are Emma Johnson and Louisa Dorrigan.

A THIEF FROM CHILDHOOD.

Sophie Levy has been a thief from childhood, and in the old "Rogues' Gallery," there is a portrait of her in a bib and tucker, taken fourteen years ago, and marked "pickpocket." She is now twenty-six years of age. Her parents and other relatives were all thieves. The father, Jacob Levy, was a "fence keeper," a man who bought stolen property; the mother, Esther was a shop-lifter; the brothers, Simon and Benjamin, were pick-pockets; and the remaining sister, Rachel, was a shop-lifter. Every member of the family has at one time or another seen the inside of a State prison. The mother taught Sophie to pick pockets, and, when quite a child, she was brought to Barnum's Museum, where she stole many a lady's pocket book. One night, over twelve years ago, Sophie and her mother were brought into the Second Precinct Station on suspicion. The Sergeant on duty began to question Sophie, who volunteered to show him how to pick a pocket, and offered to rob her mother if the Sergeant would keep the old lady in conversation. The Sergeant did so, and Sophie soon produced her mother's wallet for his inspection. In 1862 she and Kate German made a grand sweep through the city, and she was sent on the island. After many years of crime, she married Ned Lyons, a pickpocket and burglar, and retired from business. Lyons was arrested some time since, under the name of Robert E. Hapgood, for robbing Smith's Bank, in the village of Perry, Livingston county, N. Y., and sent to the State Prison four years. Sophie, with her father, some years ago preferred a trumped up charge against Detective Woolridge and the late Superintendent Jourdan, but the character of these officers was fully vindicated on investigation.—She is now living in Harlem, and has several children. She is a handsome woman, of the Jewish type of beauty, with full features, large dark eyes, and purplish black hair.

A LITERARY THIEF.

Anonyma. Four months ago a private detective happened to drop into a large dry goods store in Grand street, and observed a handsome looking girl, about 18 years old, dressed with the best taste, pricing laces at a counter. An indefinable expression about her eyes was suspicious, and as she left the store without purchasing, the spectator followed her to the corner of Essex Market, where walking beside her he noticed something of a square form under her cloak. At once suspecting it to be a stolen card of lace, he jostled against her, and as he suspected, the card of lace fell from under her arm to the sidewalk. She colored, and was walking away without picking it up, when the detective stopped her, said he knew the lace was stolen, and that she must return to the shop. She begged of him not to arrest her but restore the lace, which he did. After thanking him for not taking her in custody, she invited him to call on her and learn the story of her life. She has two rooms in a very respectable locality, furnished in the best manner, several of Prang's chromos are hung on the walls, and a piano, on which she plays well, is in her sitting room. She is very well educated, and was driven into her way of life by being left without friends or help, and one day stole a shawl without being discovered. Emboldened by the success of her first theft, she chose shoplifting as her way of life, and has followed it ever since, and was never in prison. Some few call her Sarah Wright; but those who know her best style her "Anonyma," as she dislikes the former title.

Women as Physicians.

Rebecca Moore in the Woman's Journal.

MANCHESTER, Oct. 29.—We are making slow but steady progress, both in public opinion and in personal action, in this movement. In addition to the five lady students at Edinburgh University last year, four ladies have just passed the preliminary medical examination there. One of these, Miss Bovell, having the highest marks, won the Lady Amberley scholarship. Lectures begin in November, but the women students returned to their work a month earlier. Such is their zeal. They have been chiefly engaged at dissecting. As no other room was available they had worked in the common dissecting room. The experiment has been quite successful, as the men have been "perfectly polite and well-behaved." We learn from Dr Corbyn, of Bareilly, in the Doab, or northern provinces of India, where he is training native Hindoo women for some branches of the medical profession, that three ladies have already passed their examinations, and are qualified as native doctors. He says: "I am educating a number of Hindoo girls as doctors. They are of all classes, Christians, Mohammedans, and Hindoos, proper. The first are the sharpest. The first class pupils can read and write English with accuracy. They are taught medicine, surgery, midwifery, diseases of women and children (especially the latter two). The second class learn anatomy, materia medica and physiology in English and Urdee. The pupils of the other preparatory class are taught English and Urdee. We have a female ward attached to the dispensary for women and children, and these girls entirely attend to them under my own and the sub-assistant's supervision. It is wonderful how they can manipulate; they have plenty of nerve. We have lots of cases of accidents," &c.

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The Ghost of Anneke Jans Laid at Last.

The Trinity Church property, in New York city, has for many years been claimed by the supposed heirs of Anneke Jans, and some credulous persons have advanced money to prosecute this and other suits against the corporation. In an action recently brought in the Superior Court of New York city, by a descendant from Anneke Jans, to recover his share of the Trinity Church estate, an opinion filling four columns of the daily journals has just been delivered, and it has been decided that, from a most careful inspection of all the charters, grants, and conveyances to the said corporation, that its title to all the said lands and property held by it is most indisputable. The Judge, after reciting the chain of title, says: "These grants cover all the lands about which there is so much said, and to which certain pretended claims are laid, none of which, so far as I have seen, have the slightest resemblance to legal fairness." The summary of the legal position of the church, as given by the Court, is substantially as follows: When the English Crown made the several grants, it was in full possession and enjoyment of all the property so granted and through its governor and law officers gave the like possession of said property to the corporation of Trinity Church, which property has been lawfully in its possession until now. The grants by the English Crown have also, since the Revolution, been confirmed by the New York Legislature to the corporation of Trinity Church. Another point is that twenty years' possession, with a claim of rightful ownership of land, is in New York a bar to all recovery by another. The corporation of Trinity Church has been in the lawful possession of its property for over 100 years, and the Court says that this fact, taken together with the law and the title deeds, should satisfy the most unreasonable mind that the claims of the heirs of Anneke Jans against the church are of the most absurd kind.

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A model surgical operation:—To take the cheek out of a young man, and the lisp out of a woman.

Amusing Children.

As the cold weather advances, and the little ones are obliged more and more to seek amusement indoors, the mother looks around for ample sources of entertainment to keep the busy fingers employed, yet out of mischief. If she can have her family room in perfect order, with four or five children playing round and happy all the time, she is a very remarkable woman, and the secret of her management would be worth knowing. It seems to be necessary, in order to keep the tempers of the little ones unruffled, that chairs should stand upside down, toys be scattered hither and yonder, and offerings continually made to the goddess of disorder or laid on the shrine of chaos. The smashing of cups, plates, window panes, playthings, lamps and doll heads is also essential to their perfect felicity. Allowance should be made for all these things just as is it made for their growth when new clothes are cut out for them. One corner of the sitting room or kitchen should be given up to the children, where they may have liberty to do everything not absolutely sinful. A peck of clean sand in a tight box, with a funnel and tin cups, is capable of giving some children a great deal of pleasure. Hammer and tacks, with a bar of soap instead of wood, are also good things for boys. An ounce of parti colored beads, doled out a few at a time, with needle and thread to string them, will amuse most little girls or boys for many hours. Slate and pencil, or paper and pencil, with a set of cheap drawing cards for models, are very fascinating to children four or five years old. A set of building blocks, costing from one to three dollars, is an excellent investment for a bevy of juveniles.

Investment of some sort there must be, if peace and quiet are to be preserved, either of money in the purchase of toys, or of time in making them, or, greater than all, of patience and good temper in bearing the penalties that the parent must suffer who makes no adequate provision for keeping the hands out of mischief Satan will surely find for them to do. Dolls, tea sets, hobby horses, picture books—these are as indispensable in the nursery as are milk, cribs and flannels. There must also be a proportion of finger-marks on the doors, thumps on little heads, scratches and bruises on little bodies, to keep up the perfect round of child life.

The mother may fancy that she will be happier when her boys and girls are grown from under her constant watchfulness; but the general testimony is that the period of playthings, of measles and whooping cough, of walking stick horses and tongs and poker ponies is happiest for the mother and often for the child. When her offspring are all about her their noise may distract, their incessant wants weary the mother; but she does not weary over them as when, later in life, they go she knows not where, and they do she knows not what. It is best, therefore to enjoy the period of infancy and childhood as it passes, numbering only its joys and forgetting its annoyances, smoothing rugged paths for tender feet, and helping young hearts to choose the good, and growing minds to seek and love true wisdom.—*Exchange.*

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S S Cox on Butler.

The Hon. S. S. Cox, in his late speech on the Amnesty bill, thus poked fun at the zealous proselyte from Massachusetts, whose piety and humanity are not up to the standard prescribed in the New Testament:

MR. SPEAKER: I am not given to lay stress on dreams, but I dreamed a dream last night, superinduced by a perusal of the Scriptures [laughter], searching for texts appropriate to this theme. [Laughter.] Perhaps it was also induced by associating the gentleman from Massachusetts with this measure of meager mercy. [Laughter.] I thought I had accepted the invitation, which was once tendered, to attend one of the grand camp meetings upon the coast of Massachusetts, held by throngs of the disciples of John Wesley. I thought I saw the gentleman from Massachusetts upon his knees at the Methodist altar. [Laughter.] He had come at last to the throne of free grace, and as he arose a new light seemed to beam from his countenance. [Laughter.] He was saluted as he rose by the old Methodist refrain—

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound."

[Laughter.] And it seemed to me that the conversion of the gentleman was thorough that he was translated to a new and better sphere. I see him now, standing, not on the golden pavements, but on the walls of the new Jerusalem. He has a white robe upon his form. [Laughter.] He has a harp in his hand. [Laughter.] He joins the chorus of the angels and of just men made perfect—

"Mercy's free! Mercy's free!"

Then I awoke; and lo, presto! he becomes the plumed warrior at the head of his brave Massachusetts militia [Laughter], to whose camp I had also been invited by him last summer. I thought then that my dream was one of the Irish contraries, and that the christian had paled before the martial element. I saw his long red plume. It was moved, as the poet sings, by the gentle breath of kindness. Indeed, there is a parable in my dream, whatever may be the application. The soldiers of our war have been more clement and magnanimous than the Gospelers.

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Popularity of Gen. Schenck in England.

Washington Correspondence New York Herald.

Mr. Thornton, the British Minister, in conversation to-day, expressed much satisfaction at the appointment of Gen. Schenck as Minister to England. He has great faith in the good judgment of Gen. Schenck, and he thinks he will produce a favorable impression upon the officials and the people of England. Mr Thornton has no information from his Government that the fishery question is to be adjusted at Washington. He regards it important, however, that some action should be taken before the commencement of the fishing season, in order to prevent difficulty between the New England fishermen and the people of the New Dominion.

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I don't advise enny boddy tew cultivate coons; they want as much waiting on az a blind mule on a tow-path, and there aint enny more real profit in them than thare iz in a stock dividend on the Erie railroad.—[Josh Billings.

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WITHOUT NOTES.—A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty.—"Principally," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. P. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.
MILLER, LOCKE & CO., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY JAN 5, 1871.

PRESIDENTS AND PARTIES.

It is, at this juncture of our politics, a matter of practical importance to understand, with some definiteness, the nature of the obligations and relations which should subsist between a President and the party he is elected to represent. All will agree that a party is an organization pledged to use the political power of its members to effect measures and changes upon which they are agreed, or to prevent the accomplishment of certain measures to which they are opposed. It will also be conceded that an officer, be he President or Constable, should act with strict fidelity to the party which elected him in carrying out the principles and measures to which it stands committed. The members of the party are bound, in honor and good faith, to sustain the candidates of the party, and its representative men are bound to carry out strictly all the principles and measures to which it stands fairly committed.

Of necessity there must be a large number of questions or issues not taken into the schedule of party measures. Sometimes they are left out because their introduction would prevent the attainment of objects deemed far more important and essential, but oftener because they arise suddenly in the course of public business, and men of both parties are divided in their views concerning them. More generally party platforms announce general principles only, leaving it to the good sense and good principle of those in power to determine upon the measures necessary to carry them into effect. But on all matters not agreed upon in the bond of party union all its members, in office and out, must be free to make and utter their own opinions, and to determine upon their own line of action. On these matters a President may recommend a policy, if he chooses, and use all the powers of argument and persuasion which are legitimate to persuade the members of his own and other parties to embrace it. But he has no more right to dictate a policy on outside questions than any other member of the party. His influence should be used just as any other man of like ability and standing may use his.

On any matter not essential to the success of the distinctive measures of the organization the President should never attempt to make tests of party fellowship. When he does so he steps outside of his duty and his obligation, and tramples on the rights of those who elected him.

The Whig party came to its death through the attempt of an accidental President to foist a pro-slavery policy upon it. The Democratic party came to defeat in like manner. We need not tell the reader how BUCHANAN rent that political organization by attempting to compel Senator DOUGLAS to support the infamous Lecompton measure. It is too soon to say that the Republican party is in danger from this cause. We do not say that the President has determined to make adhesion to his St. Domingo policy a condition of Executive favor. But temptations are not wanting—and if he do not resist evil advisers he will adopt a course which will fill the hearts of all earnest Republicans with the deepest apprehension and concern.

Political parties are a necessity, and the Presidents they make must be their servants and not their masters. The "cohesive power of public plunder" cannot hold a party together for any considerable period of time. An "administration" party simply, when its policy contradicts the intelligent convictions of any considerable number of its members, is doomed to defeat. We say this without specific reference to any administration, or any party, but as a truth of general application, which the history of parties and administrations fully verifies.

We were in the Republican party at the outset and through all its days of darkness as well as in its hours of victory and in the midst of its grand and decisive triumphs, and we have never failed in a single instance to support its candidates nor its measures. We look forward still to a glorious future which we believe a wise and firm adherence to our proper work will secure to that patriotic organization. But we support it not from regard to any leaders, but out of devotion to the free principles which have been and are still its real life. Hence we speak plainly in warning that we may not split on the rocks on which other organizations have been hopelessly wrecked.

* * *

☞ We regret to hear of further suffering in the Shenandoah Valley. This is the region, it will be remembered, which was so frequently fought over and so devastated during the war. The people had just begun to recover from the effects of the contest when the great flood came and swept away crops, fences and houses. There is no wealthy class in the valley to assist the poor and the suffering is deplorable in the extreme.—A private letter says: "What it will be as winter advances, I dread to contemplate. Send us what you can—money, groceries, cast-off clothing, or bedding.—Even pieces of old carpet will serve to keep out the cold." The citizens Philadelphia, we see by the *Inquirer*, are moving in behalf of the sufferers and it is announced that contributions sent to Mrs. CHARLES RUFF, No. 1607, Filbert street, will be forwarded immediately. It is peculiarly hard that the inhabitants of the Valley should suffer so extremely. They were, of all the people of Virginia, the least responsible for secession. They were a laboring people who owned few slaves and were the last to favor the movement to carry the State into rebellion. But their location has been unfortunate and with their limited means of repairing the waste of war and flood, it will require years to restore them even to the measure of prosperity enjoyed before the war.

WHAT DOMINICA WILL COST US.

Some are disposed to make too much of the San Domingo proposition, but it is very possible to make too little of it.—In itself considered it may be a matter which we are entirely able to control, whatever its cost or its consequences. But it is well to pause, before we venture on a fresh acquisition to inquire whether it is worth to us all that, sooner or later, it must cost us. It is also important to understand whether we have not on our hands at this time about as much as we can provide for. The amount of money which may be required may seem trivial for a great nation to pay, but it must be remembered that if the nation is rich and great, it is also heavily burdened with debt. A good business man will not buy an extra farm, simply because it is offered cheap, if at the time his business requires all the money he can command. That is precisely the condition we are in. In this view of the case we opposed the acquisition of Alaska, a bargain the nation has rued every day since it was pressed through Congress by Executive urgency. Now we have it urged that because we bought Alaska we may not, on the score of prudence, refuse any other purchase we may be asked to make. If we acquire San Domingo the same plea will come down upon us with redoubled power to buy the Haytien part of the Island, and then to acquire by purchase or by conquest all the neighboring islands. There will be no end to this draft upon our means, if we do not interpose a peremptory denial at once. We have gone quite far enough in this direction, and we must stop while it is possible to do so. Even the most rabid annexationists should be content to wait until the national debt is well out of the way before enlarging our territory or increasing our liabilities.

But the first cost is a small part of the transaction, as the interested parties pushing this and all similar schemes well understand. As soon as a new territory is acquired it must be occupied, governed and defended. The annual cost of this, in such acquisitions as Alaska and San Domingo, will far exceed the revenues derived from them. A horde of new officers, both civil and military, must be commissioned, to represent and enforce the United States' authority in the new possessions. But for this we should be troubled less with mischievous fillibustering and annexation schemes. They are simply jobs worked up for the benefit of speculators in bonds, office-holders, and government satraps and treasury leeches of infinite variety. These men are wise in their generation, for they expect to be pensioned on the treasury for the term of their natural lives. The work of army reduction, and of retrenching the expenses of the civil service, now going forward hopefully, will necessarily be checked. Annexation projects will require the Administration to change its policy radically on questions of reform. Instead of reducing our expenses we shall be compelled to increase them.

☞ The commercial benefits to be derived from San Domingo will be quite as great under a liberal system of business intercourse as they can be made by annexation. A coaling station merely is not worth what San Domingo will cost us to get and to keep. If it be urged that in case of war we need it as the key to the gulf, we reply that if the worst come to the worst we can take it. If we are able to buy it in peace, we are strong enough to take it in war, should it be in the hands of an enemy. The argument that if we do not take San Domingo some other nation will get it is one which all shrewd bargainers know how to urge. If any other nation wants what we do not need, let it bless itself with it. We need not burden ourselves with what we do not want to keep another people from getting what they do want.

The plea that St. Domingo will be blessed with a good government if we get it is more easily asserted than proved. A popular government depends for its success on the character of the majorities which control it. We have an easy system of naturalization which throws upon us a mass of voters whose political ideas and training are very diverse from ours—we have enfranchised our colored population, and have there a dense mass of ignorance to remove by education. It would seem, to careful minds, that at this juncture, with the hostility of rebeldom, and the unenlightened masses in our great cities and the South, we have about as much as we can get along with, without getting an addition of a people whose anarchy and incapacity have been their ruin. The moment we receive them into our political co-partnership they have their full share in the government. We are none too homogeneous now that we need add to the number of antagonistic elements in our political composition. Certainly the principles of the Republican party, which we justly consider vital to good government, have but little strength to expect from this source.

The hungry adventurers, the stock-brokers, the expectants of Governorships, Secretaryships, Senatorships, and so forth, want this job put through. They have put it before the President in its best shape, and secured for it his approbation. His vast influence, official and personal, has been all thrown in its favor. But it is for the President to carry out the people's will, and not for them to obey his convictions, at the sacrifice of their own. No public need calls for colonial acquisition. It has not even the merit which Texan and Cuban schemes used to possess. A heavy moneyed interest, not a good one to be sure, but still a vast one in one half of our Union, had much to gain from them in a political way. This is not the case in the San Domingo matter. It is purely a matter which concerns a knot of interested persons, who by their machinations and relationships have involved the pride of the Administration in the success of their job.

We have not dwelt on the objectionable, not to say nefarious methods which have been employed to push these negotiations so far along. We pass all these for the present. Let this job wait. The case is not urgent. The commercial interests of our country are strongly opposed to this acquisition. If the commercial classes do not want it who else does? Nobody but political aspirants and speculators. We have a part of good faith to act toward Hayti. We have a wholesome dread of the colonial policy which Europe is compelled to abandon. Let us govern well the country we have before undertaking to govern more.

LABOR AND THE TARIFF.

A workingman's journal, writing upon Labor Reform, points out as one of the steps in this direction, the diminution of the "tariff on imported goods from a protective to a revenue tariff." Now, the chief grievance which the Free Traders and the anti-Protectionists complain of, when speaking of the workingman and the tariff, is that the former pays an additional cost due to the tariff. In other words, the price of an article advances in proportion to the tariff, and the consumer must pay this advance. But even this does not always hold good. A Free Trade journal recently asserted, for example, that every consumer of steel had to pay an extra price proportional to the import levied to protect American manufactures, and that if this protection were removed steel would be cheap. An experienced operator in steel replies:

> "I am buying from 90 to 120 tons of cast steel yearly, and am interested in the article so far only as to wish to procure it as cheaply as possible, quality considered. I am quite unconscious of contributing so liberally to the support of the Government. *Steel of the same quality costs me less now than in 1857 to 1861, when my supply came wholly from Sheffield.* *The tariff of 1861 raised the cost of steel and helped to establish its successful manufacture in this country; the domestic makers, in order to obtain a footing in the market, undersold their foreign rivals from the start, and still do so.* I am using American steel entirely, yet I can, and sometimes do, buy Sheffield steel as low (in gold) as at any time since 1857. Plainly 'E. A.' is wrong in his opinion of the effect of the present duty, and also, I think, in the rate, as a brief examination will show."

But admitting that the cost of some articles is greater, or that the entire cost of living is higher, under protection, we hold that the increased wages and the steady employment due to the demand for labor which protection has created, more than balances whatever advance there is in the cost of living. The condition of our working people to-day is the best argument which can be presented in favor of protection. The impulse given to manufactures and to the development of our resources under protection is enabling the workingmen to live in a style and accumulate property at a rate unknown before in the history of the country. The standing reason given for the cheapness of articles of foreign manufacture is cheap labor. The Free Traders therefore ask that Protection shall be removed so that manufacturers shall either procure labor as cheap as it can be procured in Europe, or cease to manufacture. It is a fact, therefore, trite though it may be to mention it, that Free Trade proposes to reduce the wages of the workingman. The greater the growth in manufactures the greater of course must be the demand for labor, so that the workingman must be benefitted by the establishment of every new manufactory. When we urge therefore that Toledo shall become a manufacturing city, we urge the creation of another centre of labor demand and urge also the increased prosperity of our workingmen. The same is to be said of hundreds of cities East, West and South which are now turning their attention to manufactures as a means of doubling their wealth and population. The condition of the workingmen in cities like Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Cleveland is at once an argument in favor of manufactures and of their encouragement by protection. The chief advantage which manufactures have over commerce and agriculture, in working benefit to the laboring man, is in the employment of greater numbers at remunerative wages to the same amount of capital invested. Thus, a given amount of capital employed in manufactures in Philadelphia, will employ from five to ten times as many men as when employed in commerce in New York.

DOWNFALL OF POLYGAMY.

In a recent article we gave some facts indicating the overthrow of BRIGHAM YOUNG's power. Public officers, courts and juries are so strongly Gentile that the Mormon Ku Klux who have been assassinating unfaithful Mormons and objectionable Gentiles for years, are in a fair way of being brought to justice, property heretofore held as sacred and exempted from taxation, now pays its proportion of taxes, and the capital will probably be removed from Salt Lake to Corinne. The discovery of gold and silver in the territory has brought in a flood of Gentiles and all things are working together for the overthrow of the Mormon system.

It has been announced for some time that YOUNG was prospecting for another location. Of course, polygamy will not be tolerated after Utah becomes a State, but its suppression by law in Utah may not destroy it as a system. Some of the recent utterances, however, of the Prophet, indicate that a power is at work which is mightier to destroy the evil than any laws. He is in trouble at the extravagance of his wives, and in a recent discourse denounced their love of dress and their changing habits with considerable bitterness and indignation. The opening of the Pacific road has brought the Mormon women in contact with the rest of the world, and their wants have been suddenly increased. The fact is revealed by this, that not only is Polygamy out of harmony with the civilized notions of the marital and family relations, but is inconsistent with civilized modes of life. The statistics of England show a vast army of bachelors who do not marry because they cannot afford to support wives in the style demanded by the present times. One wife and one family is as much as most men can support in either Europe or America in the style which is now called "respectable," and if the Mormon women adopt the present notions of respectable living, there is an end of Polygamy. BRIGHAM YOUNG'S present wives can exhaust his fortune in a few years, and his Elders will soon be reduced to poverty. Polygamy, therefore, will die out because it is becoming too costly a system to support. It is possible only where women are kept in a primitive manner and entertain primitive ideas.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A history of tobacco is announced in press, illustrated with fine cuts.

A good house-wife's motto—Whatever thou dost, dust it with all thy might.

Fred Hudson denies that he is about to resume the managing editorship of the New York *Herald*.

General Grant is a stockholder, to the amount of $12,000, in the iron works at Lawton, Michigan.

A. K. H. Boyd, the Country Parson, is preparing a new work for the press, "Memorials of St. Andrew Sundays."

Prairie chickens are so num[illegible]n Illinois this season that numbers are killed by flying against the telegraph wires.

Gen. D. H. Strother ("Porte Crayon,") is to have editorial charge of the Charleston, S. C., *Herald*, from the 1st of January.

Mr. Sumner cleared $3,000 on his recent lecture tour. This proves that it is, sometimes, more profitable to talk than to listen.

Judge Giddings, of the fourteenth judicial district of Michigan, has become a raving maniac, the Grand Rapids *Eagle* says, through drink.

Wm. M. Tweed, of New York, has given $50,000 and Sheriff O'Brien 1,000 tons of coal for the relief of the poor in their respective wards.

There is a trifle of gossip in Cincinnati, to the effect that the President's daughter Nellie is matrimonially engaged to a Covington, Ky., youth.

A critic of the London Graphic call Miss Alcott's "Little women" "an excellent description of American family life among the poorer gentry."

Indiana is emphatically a railroad State. Out of 93 counties in the State, 71 are crossed by one or more railroads, with stations at the county seat.

The King of Greece received Gen. Sheridan with the exhilarating remark that he was glad to take by the hand a countryman of George Francis Train.

Gloves are now made in England with a pocket on the inside of the palm, to suit the habit indulged in by the fair sex of carrying money in that position.

Mrs. Ingham, of Iowa, will live in history as the woman who delivered a Thanksgiving sermon while her husband proudly sat back of the pulpit holding the baby.

The prudent savages of Ujiji are laying in their winter stock of salt missionary, their almanacs and meteorological observations leading them to expect a severe season.

C. S. Mutton, of Ohio, has been appointed Minister to Honolulu. He should have been sent to New Zealand. With Mutton to eat, the people there would probably let the missionaries alone.

The Hon. William H. Seward is understood to be engaged to marry the young lady who accompanies the small party with which he is now making his voyage round the world. His friends in Washington expect that he will be married before his return home.

Prof. Watson, of Michigan University, and Profs. Pierce and Winlock, of Harvard, are among the distinguished astronomers who were stationed at Gibraltar and Sicily for the purpose of taking observations on the eclipse of the sun last Thursday. Prof. Watson was in Sicily.

The Providence, R.I., *Journal* has the "best of authority" for saying that a comet of large size will suddenly make its appearance on the night of Jan. 19th, 1871, and, "during the next four weeks the fate of the world will be decided." Holders of real estate are expected to rush into market previous to that time.

A resident of the St. Lawrence county (N. Y.) jail has discovered a new use for soap. Having thoroughly soaked his right arm in soft soap, he was able to thrust it through the bars that would scarcely have admitted an infant's, and then unlocked the door, when, by the connivance of friends outside, he made good his escape.

Mrs. Belmont has the most beautiful emeralds in New York; Mrs. R. L. Stewart the most beautiful opal; Mrs. Stevens the handsomest arrangement of diamonds and amethysts. So many ladies have diamonds that it would be impossible to say whose are most beautiful. Mrs. Von Hoffman has, perhaps, the handsomest necklace of diamonds, which she wears on green velvet, a charming background.

This is an extract from the last shot fired by "Norina" at her brute of a lover, through the "Personal" column of the *Herald*:

> "Your heart, though made of stone, would ache to hear the one continued shriek of agony that rises up by day and night from my crushed heart to the great God to take me away from this life of torture. With full belief that my end is near, I swear before Heaven I never did you wrong or loved another being. My recorded forgiveness of the great unkindness done will be in the package. Farewell!"

It is to be hoped that the crushed damsel will be removed from her life of torture at the earliest practicable moment.

* * *

☞ And now come the California physicians to show us that, as BILL NYE would say, we are ruined by Chinese cheap medicine. Not only are our shoemakers, our railroad builders, our factory operatives and our BRIDGETS to be pushed from their stools, but our medical profession is to be crowded to the wall, and the Chinaman is hereafter to kill us in his "vain" and "peculiar" way. The regular physicians of San Francisco, it is said, complain bitterly of the inroads made upon their practice by the Chinese doctors and they are about to make an effort at the next session of the Legislature to shut the Chinamen out of practice. While they are about it, why not include the Homeopaths, and the Eclectics, and the Water Doctors, etc., in the same bill and let the Californians be rid at once of everything which is not "regular?" One Chinese doctor has amassed a larger fortune than any Christian doctor in California, and it is said that he recently refused an offer of $80,000 to go to New York for four years. Now, what right has a heathen to come among us and make money at that rate? This fortune might have been divided among a number of American physicians who, if they did not cure, would at least have facilitated the death of their patients in a Christian manner. And as to curing, who that is patriotic would not rather die by an American system of practice than to be cured by a Chinese? This is a matter which concerns us all. If the "heathen Chinee" can practice medicine, he can also practice law and edit newspapers and where is this to end. The danger does not appear imminent in this State, but would it not be well for our Legislature to take time by the forelock and protect the professions in advance from this invasion?

A LITTLE BROTHER.

A Story in three Parts.

Part 1. A Boy too Much.
Part 2. A Boy too Little.
Part 3. Just Enough of a Boy.

PART II.

A BOY TOO LITTLE.

[Continued.]

Gradually even Kate became alarmed when an hour had elapsed after her return from down-town and no signs were visible of Augustus. She accordingly advised her mother to adopt the following plan, and helped her carry it out: Johnson was to take a certain list of their acquaintance, she and her mother a certain other, and they were to call and inquire if anything had been seen, at the several houses, of the little brother. This idea was accomplished, but, of course, with no success.

Kate then thought she had better become hysterical; but upon her mother's representing to her how much more useful she could be by retaining her self-possession, and how very much she would be in the way if she didn't, the young lady denied herself the pleasure, and came out in such character,—such admirably womanly strength and helpfulness—that her mother was perfectly astonished, and couldn't sufficiently reverence her never before appreciated daughter.

The next thing they did was to dispatch Johnson in a carriage for Mr. Jones: and then Kate sat down on a sofa, and laid her mother's head upon her breast.

"Darling, darling mother," said the young girl, "perhaps this trouble is only to punish me for having been so often unkind to little Augustus, and to teach me that I ought to conquer my selfish heart, and aid you a great deal more faithfully in taking care of him. I will learn the lesson; and then brother will be brought back to us, and we shall be a much happier, more loving family than we have ever been before. Don't despair, darling; the Lord will not take the dear child away from us, I am sure, if I try to profit by this trouble."

Such things, and many other as good and noble, did Kate say, in a broken, feverish voice, but with an attempt at being very cheerful,—stroking her mother's hair, hot forehead, and kissing away the tears of unspeakable distress that kept welling up into her beautiful eyes, while she hurriedly wiped away and hid those that came into her own.

In about an hour—for the carriage had orders to drive as fast as possible—Mr. Jones got home. He had not been in his office, and Johnson had found it necessary to seek him at the Brokers' Board. He took his darling wife and daughter into the bosom of the vast Raglan, and kissed them again and again with the redoubled tenderness of great trouble, too choked to speak. When, at length, he found words, they came from his heart all wet—as if they had just struggled ashore, half-drowned, from the great sea within him, and were dripping with the brine that still heaved and shook his great, broad man's breast.

"Dearest wife, dearest Kate! don't you cry, my darlings," he uttered in a trembling voice, falsifying his doctrine by his example. "We'll find that precious boy, if we have to take all the detective police into pay, and get broke or die doing it. I'll go directly to the police station of this precinct, and have the little fellow's description telegraphed all over the city, with offers of a reward of five hundred dollars to the officer that brings him home."

No sooner said than done. The carriage that had brought the father up from Wall street was at the door, kept in waiting. He leaped into it and was soon at the elbow of the nearest telegraph operator of the nearest station.

"Don't alarm yourself too much, my dear sir," spoke that person, sympathizingly; "these things are happening every day, and they always turn out well in the end. This little brass jumper at the end of our wire saved forty children last month; and in all the time the telegraph's been working we've only lost two out of several hundred children who got astray. Three of the forty we saved in April were gone a couple of days,—one, a whole week. He got on a train going up the Hudson River Railroad. Mother went nearly crazy,—not expected to live from day to day; but we found the little youngster, and brought him home safe and sound. Mother recovered in about ten minutes,—then nearly died again for joy. First day she was able to be out, came up here and wanted me to take a hundred dollars. Much obliged, but rather not. Duty was its own reward. Then *she* fell to kissing everything,—kissed the machine,—kissed the policeman who brought the boy back,—actually kissed *me!*" And the operator smacked his lips as if the taste of the grateful tribute still lingered; then fell to work,—went click-click-click-click-click-click-click-click for a few assiduous minutes,—and lo! every police-station in New York was introduced to Master Augustus Jones, and bent its multiplied energies to the work of finding him.

Wonderful, beneficent, omnipotent telegraph! What marvel that mothers kiss thee? And though the graceless, ungrateful tribe of intellectual prigs, and the hair-splitters of the Supreme Court who back them, harass with endless patent cases the silver hairs of our noble, thrice-beloved Morse—though America leaves to foreign powers the graceful privilege of recompensing the last years of a life of unselfish genius, as fully as the mere money tribute of a hundred thousand francs can do it—does not every click of his offspring's electric tongue that brings home a wandering child throb a sweet note of reward in the great philosopher's loving heart,—does not the whole nation of thankful mothers bless him and kiss him a thousand times a year?

Mr. Jones made an arrangement with the telegraph operator that the moment that any news came to the station of the child, or the likelihood of the child, it should be immediately sent to No. — West Twenty-third street; and then went home to do what he could, poor man! for his broken hearted wife and only less broken-hearted daughter. There was no resource left for them but to wait; and waiting, when a child is lost, is the bitterest mode of prolonging misery. To be sure all the resources of the great police system of the great city of New York were concentrated on that one little boy. The original use of the system—rascal-hunting—could not have so brought it to a focus, if Master Augustus had been a noted bank-defaulter, or a swindler of stockholders, he would have had less personal attention to boast of. Everything that could be done was doing for him; and yet, as that father, mother, and sister sat still in their distress, they were full of the keenest self-reproachings,—of a sense of inertness which seemed to them, by a strange paradox, the more unfeeling in proportion as their feelings were more harassed by it.

Hour after hour dragged on, and still no word came from the station. The poor mother began wandering about in a frenzy. From room to room, wherever Augustus had played, she strayed with her eyes full of a dreamy, misty pain. When she came upon some little toy with which he had played, she snatched it up, kissed it passionately, and her tears came pouring in torrents.—Standing before a little pastel picture of the child, taken in his fourth year, she grew transfixed, and remained motionless, gazing at it in such an agonized silence that she could hear every beat of her own heart. And then she knelt at the little bureau where his tiny clothes were kept—drew out, one by one, the manikin suits which her motherly care had had proudly embroidered for him—examined his small stockings, and, as she saw the places where his little, restless feet had called her needle into play, asked herself, with a fearful sinking of the heart, whether she should ever mend them for him any more; and again the passionate tears blinded her poor eyes.

Kate had thrown herself upon her bed. She could not cry, for her self-reprovings were too stern. She buried her hot face in her pillow, pressed one hand against her aching heart, and with the other ceaselessly pushed away her long dark hair from her forehead, as if it were hated evidence of the pride and accomplice of the selfishness which her bitter mentor now told her had so often done wrong to her little lost brother she might never see again.

The father paced all the rooms where his wife wandered, with a stern wretchedness in his once cheerful face, hardly ever able to speak a word, and chiding himself when it had been spoken; for it always sounded so cold, so hard to his burthened heart, that it seemed a cruelty rather than a consolation to the suffering woman whom he loved.

At last they all came together at the side of the bed where Kate was lying.—The husband and the wife both dropped on their knees, and the strong man poured forth his soul in this one prayer of agony—

"O God! save our child, and take away all our worldly property if thou wilt!"

Clasping each other's hands the three bowed there in silence, each thinking the continuation of this prayer which they had no voice to speak. For several minutes they remained there, and then the mother arose.

"My husband," she said, "I shall die of this suspense. Let us go up to the station again."

Johnson once more called a carriage. Father, mother, and daughter got into it; the driver was ordered to hurry to the station-house at his utmost speed. When they reached there they ran up the narrow stairs to the telegraph room with a lightness like that of the strongest, most refreshed feet. As might have been expected, there was no encouragement there for them, except the repeated injunction of the operator not to despair, and his recital to the mother and sister of the statistics in favor of finding lost children, which he had given to the father three hours before.

"We have news of several boys and one girl, already this afternoon," said the operator; "the girl was lost last night, the boys this morning. It takes a good deal longer to find girls than it does boys, because a girl is more helpless when she's astray,—she's more pitied, and often gets taken in somewhere and sheltered, instead of being left for the policeman to bring to the station. That makes it a harder job to find her. You feel bad enough, mum, about your boy, I know; but it's a great deal better than if it was a girl. We'll find him for you any way. Lord bless me! there ain't a chance as big as that of his being lost permanently;" and the operator filliped away a piece of string that he had been toying with as he talked, to represent the very small chance indeed.

Then the distressed three returned home again. Six o'clock and dinner-time came, but nobody touched a mouthful. Bearing the agony of suspense as strongly as they were able, they passed the hours of growing darkness till nine o'clock; and then, from sheer exhaustion, the mother and sister of the wanderer were compelled to lie down. The father sat and watched by their bedside, or paced the dreary rooms, whose emptiness of the one absent seemed to make them echo to his tread, "Lost! ot"

To return to the curb-stone where we left Master Augustus sitting. About ten o'clock there issued from the tenement in Thomas street, just behind him, a young man, whose general appearance was strangely at variance with the surroundings of the place. He wore a black Kossuth hat, neat dark pantaloons, well-polished boots, and a light surtout; for the evening was cool, though toward the end of May. His face was refined, manly and resolute; his eyes and hair black as jet, and his beard strong, curling, and abundant; and he seemed about twenty-six years old. A squalid woman, very much draggled and torn, lighted him, or perhaps smoked him would be more accurate, to the rotten threshold, with a malodorous, half-penny tallow candle, that stewed and dripped in its own ruins like everything else in Thomas street. In a strong Milesian brogue she asked him, as he was passing out,—

"An' what may yer bill be, docthor?"

"Nothin," said the young man, "except to promise me that if that baby lives,—which I hope it is likely to do now,—you won't get drunk again till it's over teething."

"Honly Mother bless ye, but ye're a dacent gintleman; and may ye niver want a friend in disthress! No more I won't, and that's thrue for me; and if I does it, may the divil"—

"Never mind the devil,—you've had enough to do with him already, Mrs. Murtagh; only remember not to drink."

"Good night, thin; angels bliss yer sleep, honey!"

"Good night!"

He was about turning up toward the hospital, when the strange little object on the curb-stone attracted him, and he stopped, bent down, and looked intently at Master Augustus. "It can't be possible, even in Thomas street," soliloquized the young doctor, "that a boy of that age is lying here drunk at this time of the evening." He shook the little fellow gently by the shoulder, and roused him from his sleep against the friendly hydrant, which had been his pillow for the hour and a half past. Augustus awaked and looked at him dreamily, not realizing where he was. The young man immediately saw that he hailed from none of the Thomas street houses.

"What are you doing here, my little fellow? You'll be lost if you stay out so late: you had better go home to your mother; she's frightened about you now, I've no doubt."

Augustus stared in surprise.

"Do you know my mother?"

"No, I don't, my boy."

"How do you know I've got one, then?" asked Augustus, triumphantly, in spite of his sleepiness, and true to his native fondness for always "putting in a clincher."

"I think you look as if you had one. She made that little pair of pantaloons which you've been getting so dirty on the pavement by sitting down and going to sleep here, instead of saying your prayers and climbing into your pretty little crib."

"Crib!" muttered Augustus, scornfully; "I guess I aint a baby! I sleep in a *great big bed*,—all alone by myself. Who are you, anyhow?"

"My name is Doctor Morris, and I'm a good friend to you and your mother, for I'm going to help you to get home. Where do you live?—what's your name?"

"Augustus Jones."

"Where do you live, Augustus?"

"I live at my papa's,—he's Mr. Jones, and he lives up in Twenty-third street."

"Do you know what the number is?"

"No, sir."

"What does your papa do?"

"He makes bread."

"Oh! we'll find him very easily, then. Are you too tired to walk? You must be if you've come with those little legs all the way from home to-day. Let me carry you."

"No, I can walk."

"Well, come along, then. We'll go and get a directory, and see the number where your papa lives, and then it will be all right in a very short time."

By his kind yet not too patronizing manner, he won Master Augustus's confidence to such a degree that the boy took his hand, and the two went slowly together into West Broadway, talking as they walked.

"Do you like oyster-pie, Augustus?"

They were just then passing a restaurant, and the doctor noticed that the boy looked in eagerly and snuffed its savors with high appreciation.

"I guess I do!" responded Augustus, enthusiastically.

"Well, I am glad to hear that; for I know a great many boys, and all the good boys are very fond of oyster-pie."

"Are they?" said Augustus, delightedly. "Mother says I'm a very good boy sometimes."

"Well, then, I'll try you, and see if she's right."

The pair, still clasping hands, went into the shop, and the doctor ordered as large a piece of oyster-pie as a boy of seven could eat; and, when that amount had been ascertained by actual measurement, paid for it, and went out, leading his *protege*. Master Augustus's confidence in his new friend rose several hundred per cent. He began to be communicative. Speech never flows freely when one is hungry, because the up-train of words is loth to move, knowing, as it does, that the right of way on that single track, the throat, belongs to a bread-and-butter train down.

"I want to ask you a question."

"Ask me as many as you please, Augustus. I like to show off what I know."

"Well, then, do you really kill people?"

"No, indeed. What in the world do you mean by that?"

"You're a doctor,—that's what I mean. I've heard people say, a great many times, that all doctors kill people. There was Jimmy Stilton,—he was a good boy, Kate says,—and I heard her say, too, that the doctor killed him with too much oil and such nasty things. But I guess he'd have died any way,—he was awful good. No tell me honest, do you kill people? I wont tell anybody!"

"No, Augustus,—honor bright!—I don't kill anybody at all, except old Mr. Fever, and cross old Mrs. Stomach-ache that plagues little boys so, and ugly Miss Cold-in-the-Head, and such naughty people as that. I shoot them with pills, and smother them under plasters, and drown 'em in drops; but I don't hurt good people at all."

"Then, by hokey, I'll like you very much indeed, old fellow! I didn't ask you if you killed people because I was afraid of you. I only wanted to see some of the people you killed, and see how they looked, and how you did it.—I wish you'd like me."

"So I will, Augustus. I do like you now; and we'll have many a nice play together, I hope, after I get you home to your mother."

"I've got a sister, too—she's an *awful* pretty girl; don't you wish you knew her?"

"Yes, indeed, I'd like to know her very much. You'll introduce me to her, wont you?"

"Yes, I will. Her name's Kate. She's got great big eyes,—almost as black as the ones you've got,—and curls, too—Jimmy, *such* curls! Wont you tell anybody if I'll tell you something?"

"No; I'll keep as still as a mouse about it."

"Well, when I was a little boy—that's a great while ago, before I was big, like I am now,—she was very nice to me, and never called me bad names, like monkey, and mischief, and plague. And when they used to ask me who was going to be my wife when I got to be a man, I always used to say Kate was going to be. Wasn't it funny? I guess it was! I didn't know that little boys couldn't marry their sisters, you know. And now there's an awful mean old Spindle-shanks that comes to see Kate, and he thinks I don't know what he is up to; but I do. He wants to have her for his wife; and I hate him like poison. He calls me sonny, and he makes her not like me; and he aint nice at all, like you are. I wish doctors did kill somebody sometimes! Couldn't you kill him, just once, without being caught, so that Kate wont marry him?"

"I'm afraid not. Isn't there any other way of stopping her?"

Augustus did not answer for some time; but walked along, biting his nails in deep thought. At last he brightened up, and gave the friendly finger he had hold of a violent, joyful twitch which nearly dislocated it.

"Yes, sir-ee, there's one way of stopping her without killing old Lilykid! Will you do it? Say, old fellow, will you do it?"

"What's your plan? Let's hear it, Augustus."

"*You go and marry her yourself!* Wont that be nice? You'll be my brother, then; and I'll never plague you when you come to see Kate, and can have the parlor all to yourself! Say, now, wont you? That's a nice old fellow! Say yes. Come now, say yes, wont you?"

Dr. Morris laughed at this ingenuous proposal, then replied,—

"But how do you know I ain't married now? And what if *she* should say no, too? Then I'd be 'up a tree,' as the boys say."

"I know you ain't married; you don't look married. You're so good to me I don't believe you've got any little boy of your own to be good to. And I know she'll say yes." Here Augustus lowered his voice to a tone of reverent piety, most laughably incongruous with his general naughty-boy bearing, and continued: "When I say my prayers I'll ask to have her say yes, and then she's got to, hain't she? *That'll fetch her!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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There is an establishment in Franklin, Pa., wherein girls are trained for the "female minstrel" trade. An institution devoted to the propagation of hydrophobia would be innocent and commendable, in comparison with such a concern.

The Providence, R. I., *Journal* has the "best of authority" for saying that a comet of large size will suddenly make its appearance on the night of June 19th, 1871, and, "during the next four weeks the fate of the world will be decided."

It is now said that Horace Cooke, the clergyman who some time since ran away with the daughter of one of his flock, and who was deposed therefore, is honestly at work in a clothing warehouse in New York. His employers say he is industrious and sober.

One of the people who believes in the preservation of marital purity mourns that divorce is miraculously cheap. It never was, he says, so expensive as marriage, and now it is way down at stove polish and corn starch quotations, where "no family can afford to be without it."

Appearances indicate that a strong effort will be made next season to encourage European immigration to Tennessee. A Danish clergyman named Bl[illegible] has offered, for certain considerations, to increase the population of the State by at least 10,000 before the close of 1871.

The Boston *Journal* says: "Ole Bull is house-hunting in Boston, with the intention of making the 'Hub' his permanent place of residence. Carl Glogger Castelli, well-known as a professor of vocal music in the Leipzig Conservatory of Music, has also decided to make Boston his future home. Madame Parepa Rosa intends to take up her permanent residence in America when next she comes to our shores, which will be early next spring."

Miscellany.

Kleptomania.

Fashionable Ladies Steal Goods in New York.

Arrest of Ladies of Social Standing.

New York is, just at this time, excited over the arrest of a half-score of ladies well known in society for stealing from a dry goods and variety store on the corner of 6th avenue and 14th St., owned by one Macy. It is the largest retail store in the city. It fills seven city lots, and is patronized almost exclusively by ladies, from the wealthiest to the poorest classes. During the holidays as many as six thousand ladies have been making purchases in this store at one time.

Last week Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps, of 49 East Twenty-third street, a woman worth over one million dollars, entered Macy's store. As she was going out one of the saleswomen accused her of stealing a package of candy valued at twenty-five cents. She was arrested and tried before Judge Dowling. Her appearance in the Court of Special Session, arrayed in costly velvets, astonished the Court lawyers, whose eyes had become accustomed to pictures of squalor. She was defended by the distinguished David Dudley Field, a lawyer whose retaining fee is seldom less than ten thousand dollars.

Miss Grotly, a clerk in Macy's store, testified that Mrs. Phelps bought some fancy boxes at her counter, and that while the clerks were putting up the goods, Mrs. Phelps stole a package of candy valued at twenty-five cents. Mrs. Phelps was promptly accused by Margaset, but her denial of the charge was emphatic and indignant. Margaret called a detective, employed in the store, and that individual conducted Mrs. Phelps to the private office. On the way, according to Margaret's story, Mrs. Phelps dropped the package of candy from under her shawl, where she had concealed it.

Mrs. Phelps was then taken before Justice Cox, at the Jefferson market, and released on bail. Miss Grotly was subjected to a severe cross-examination for over an hour, but her story was not shaken in the least. Mrs. Phelps then went on the stand and emphatically denied the charge. She said that she was at Macy's store and bought goods, as Margaret had testified, but she stole nothing. Judge Dowling discharged Mrs. Phelps, explaining that he did so in consideration of her high social standing and well-known benevolence, being unwilling to believe that she could be guilty of theft. He believed, however, that Margaret Grotly was perfectly honest in her testimony and was a truthful girl. Mrs. Phelps has sued Mr. Macy for false imprisonment.

The second arrest was that of Mrs. Eliza Clauson, a wealthy resident of No. 113 West Thirteenth street. She was also tried in the Special Sessions. It was charged that she had tried to steal a book, worth thirty cents, from A. H. Macy's store, and had been caught in the act by Mary Boyer, a clerk. The testimony against her was very slight, and she was discharged. She also will sue Macy.

The third arrest was that of Mrs. Mary Bryant, who lives at 147 East Fifteenth street. Her husband is a law-book publisher. She was arrested on Saturday in Macy's store, on a charge of stealing a match safe, valued at forty-six cents. She was examined before Justice Dowling, yesterday morning, and discharged. Mrs. Bryant went into Macy's on Friday, and purchased a number of articles, including the match-safe, and tendered in payment a two dollar bank note. After receiving her change, she went out. The match safe she intended as a Christmas present to a friend. Mrs. Bryant's story is that, thinking it too large, and that a smaller safe would better suit her friend, she returned to have it changed. It was with difficulty that she found the saleswoman of whom she had bought it. She placed the match safe on a show case, waiting for the saleswoman, who was then waiting upon some other ladies. Her patience gave out, and she picked up the safe and was going to some other part of the store, when officer Hill arrested her and took her to the Central Office of the Police. She protested her innocence, and told the police that she was a respectable woman and would appear when wanted, and give what bail would be required, but it was of no avail. She was incarcerated on Saturday night. Mrs. Bryant will sue Macy for damages.

The fourth arrest was that of Miss Neilson, the daughter of a wealthy leather manufacturer living on Fifth avenue. She went to Macy's on Saturday and selected a bottle of cosmetic. Seeing some other article that took her fancy on another counter, she stepped over to it. She was also arrested and flung into a cell, and there kept through the night. She also threatens to sue Macy.

A Miss Margaret La Farge is superintendent at Macy's. She is remarkably vigilant. She says that each sale made is entered in a book, and that she found no such entry for the match safe purchased by Mrs. Bryant. Therefore it must have been stolen. All these ladies were discharged by Judge Dowling.

The fifth arrest was that of Miss Mary Douglass, the daughter of poor but respectable parents. She was charged with stealing a box of soap, valued at thirty-eight cents, and she also was incarcerated in the Tombs, but was released on bail yesterday morning by a benevolent lady who had heard of her situation.

These arrests have created the greatest excitement among the ladies of the city, and the probability is that Macy's business will be ruined. Every woman in the city seems to be boiling over with indignation. Macy says: "The stealing in his store began four years ago. During the holidays of 1866, I discovered that goods were stolen, and also that my customers' pockets were picked. At that time I didn't do anything special about it. We made but very few arrests. It took so much of the time of my head employes to make the complaints and appear as witnesses, that I thought it less damaging to stand the loss of goods than to prosecute the thieves. In 1867, when the holiday season came on, the stealing was renewed on a larger scale than the year before, and we did what we could to stop it. When a woman was caught stealing, we showed her around to all the clerks, so that if she came around again they would know her, and then let her go. The thieves were all women. Showing them around to the clerks didn't work at all. They would come back again, dressed differently, and steal again. We have had the same woman try it on repeatedly, and have caught the same women two and three and even as many as four times. Finding that course ineffectual, we had no alternative but to have the thieves arrested. So I got detectives detailed from the Central office to my store, and we caught several in 1867. The same thing occurred in 1868 and 1869, and in this year it has been worse than ever. We have lost quantities of valuable goods without having any clew to the thieves.

"You see," continued Mr. Macy, "that something had to be done, not only to protect myself, but also to protect the ladies that come to my store to trade. The average daily receipts of my store exceed fifteen thousand dollars. Owing to the immense crowds who throng the store during the holiday season, opportunities for stealing and pocket-picking are great, and we have to keep a sharp lookout. My employes are all skillful and faithful persons, and they only do their duty in these matters, and, of course, I can not go back on their sworn testimony. In the cases that arise there is no malice; not a bit, in any of the arrests that have been made, and if I should discover that wrong had been done to any one, nobody would regret it more than I would, and no one would go further to make reparation. I do not know the parties that are arrested. The arrests usually take place when I'm down town, and I sometimes do not see the parties at all. I must, of course, stand by the clerks when they discharge their duties. The public can see just how it is, and I am willing to abide their decision. In fact, what is a man in my situation to do? Must I allow myself to be robbed, and permit my lady customers to be robbed also? Is it not my duty to protect myself and the public? It has been my only object, and that will be my only object in the future. I should be sorry to have any one arrested unjustly, but I can not allow thieves to ply their vocation in my store."

SILVER TOKEN COINAGE.

A Proposed Substitute for Fractional Paper Currency

[From the report of the Director of the U. S. Mint.]

In my last annual report I urged the adoption of a silver currency "for change," in lieu of the postal small note currency, as an important adjuvant to a general resumption of specie payments and that such substitution would be acceptable to the people and fully improved by them. It is gratifying to know that the suggestions then made have had the approval of men well versed in political economy and of sound practical judgment. A number of our leading commercial newspapers have also emphatically endorsed the proposition.

The recommendation made was in substance, that without waiting for the resumption of specie payments, Congress shall authorize the issue, at once, of silver coins of the denominations of 10, 25 and 50 cents; that, whilst the weight of the promised coins be reduced below that of the corresponding present silver coins, the standard fineness should be preserved; in other words, those coins to be of equal purity with the present silver coinage; that they be issued to a limited amount, adequate to supply the real wants of the community, in exchange for United States notes, including fractional currency, and be made a legal tender to a small amount, say five or ten dollars.

Such substitution would be a real reform in our currency, and less objectionable in form and fact than the present paper issues of the lower fractions of the dollar. The apply with equal force to the present fractional silver coinage, for this last, while of standard fineness, is both in weight and value, below the true standard; and, if the objections apply with equal force to our present silver coinage, how much more to our small notes, our paper change, the material of which has no intrinsic value whatever, and which is and can be so easily counterfeited?

The reduction in weight of these coins, whilst it would render them intrinsically worth less than the nominal value, would not make them unexceptionable as "change," but would counteract any disposition to hoard or extort them, and thus keep them in constant circulation.

A supply of silver for the purpose of this coinage could be readily obtained. The product of silver in Nevada and Colorado will be sufficient to meet this demand, and could come direct to us from Denver, Carson and Virginia cities, without going to San Francisco, or passing through the hands of speculators. By reason of the profits of this coinage we could afford to pay a price sufficient to divert our silver products either from China or Europe. Other sources of supply would be open to us. In any contingency, a full supply of silver could be procured.

The coins would be issued in exchange for the paper currency, and would be redeemed in a like manner, and when specie payments are resumed, or having returned to a permanent specie basis, we could recoin the amount redeemed and return it to the general specie circulation of the country. Recoining silver, when long used as a circulating medium, is a necessity; as it becomes deteriorated in value and defaced by abrasion when in constant use. Recoining, then, is no objection to the new coinage.

In the language of one who has given this subject much intelligent consideration, and whose published essays are full of information: "This is not a scheme for debasing the standard of value. Its only object is to restore silver upon such a basis, under legal sanctions, as will enable it to keep its subsidiary place, whether the chief currency be paper as now, or gold, as we hope it soon will be. Limited in legal tender and in amount of issue, these coins will serve their purpose as well as if they were twice as heavy; in fact will be found more convenient."

The following statement or table exhibits the weight, diameter, and value of the present proposed silver coinage:

PRESENT COINAGE.

Denomination.	Weight.	Diameter.	Value.
Half dollar	192 grains	30 millimetres	50 cents
Quarter dollar	96 "	23½ "	25 "
Dime	38 4-10 "	17½ "	10 "

PROPOSED COINAGE.

Denomination.	Weight.	Diameter.	Value.
Half dollar	140 grains	24 millimetres	36 4-10 cts
Quarter dollar	70 "	20 "	18 2-10 "
Dime	28 "	16 "	7 28-100 "

If the proposed reduction should be deemed too great, a weight of 168 grains for the half dollar, and other pieces in proportion, as already proposed in Congress, would enable us to coin silver so long as gold is not over 19 per cent premium.

Lost in the Woods—Six Days Without Food.

From the Traverse Bay (Mich.) Eagle, Dec. 11.

Three or four weeks ago a man by the name of William Enghelson, got lost in the woods near Green Lake, in Benzine county, and wandered about without food for six days. He was lost on Saturday, and wandered up and down the country without matches to make a fire or the slightest thing to eat until Friday, when he came to the river and followed along the bank until he came to the shanty of Mr. Marble, which he broke into and found some salt pork and a quantity of flour. He ate about a pound and a half of raw pork, then built a fire, filled a kettle with water, stirred in some flour, making a kind of a porridge, of which he ate very heartily, and then rolled himself up in a blanket and went to sleep. At night Mrs. Marble came and found him in a stupid state, and after arousing him and finding out the trouble baked him some biscuits. Upon examining his feet it was found that they had been frozen, and his legs were badly bruised by rambling through the brush. He was taken to Frankfort, and is in a pitiable condition. His legs are badly swollen, and the skin on the bottom of his feet is entirely off. He will loose all his toes, and will be fortunate if his feet do not require amputation. The Frankfort *Express*, from which paper we get these facts, says the poor fellow is unconscious of all that transpired after Monday night till he found himself in the trapper's camp. He is from Holland, Cheboygan county, Wis.

"Here you young rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir, but mother did."

THE STRANGEST MURDER ON RECORD.

A Blind Boy Kills Both His Parents.

From the Troy (N. Y.) Whig, December 19.

The report of the dreadful event which occurred near Hoag's Corners, in Stephentown, reached this city Saturday noon. Although little was known of the facts at that time, yet the bare results sufficed at once to engage the attention of the community. We preface the testimony taken at the inquest by a brief resume of the horrible affair.

On Thursday afternoon, the old man, Francis Kittle, returned home intoxicated and very cross, and among other things reminded his son that he had destroyed the will, in which, as was known to all, he had made him his principal heir. The will matter, as we learn, had little to do with the subsequent homicide. It doubtless, however, served to inflame the minds of both. The old man continued in an ugly frame of mind—so much so that his wife, Lucinda Kittle, consented to give him another glass of liquor to quiet him and induce sleep.—This was towards the close of the afternoon. In the house were living another son (David) and his wife and baby. They occupied what is called the north room, while the other large room—the south room—was occupied by the old couple and their blind son Asa.

Before going to milk—which was the business of the two women, the daughter-in-law (Martha) called in Asa from the south room and told him to take care of the child. The child, as we are informed, was an object of great affection on the part of both the old man and Asa, and the contest as to who should take care of it seems to have been the direct cause of the encounter between the drunken father and irritated son which subsequently resulted in the death of the two old people. The old lady told him not to touch the child, probably fearing that in his drunken state he might suffer it to be injured. As they passed, the old man called out from the south room, "Let me take the baby," but the son answered by refusing him. During the absence of the women at the barn, according to the story of the accused, which, in this case, there can be no reason for disputing, the old man tried to enter the north room, but was kept out by his son shutting the door against him. When the old lady came in she took the bab from the hands of the son, while the old man and his son seem to have proceeded at once to high words, and soon to a struggle. At least when the daughter-in-law came in she found the old man endeavoring to push the son out into the woodshed, the old lady explaining the matter by saying that her husband had tried to take the baby, and that Asa, she thought, had chocked him. Becoming separated in some manner, the old man came to the north door and again demanded to take charge of the infant, but was refused by the daughter-in-law. The son then appeared at the same door, and was seized by the old man, who, however, at the instance of the two women, let him go. In the evidence the daughter says, "Let go of him, he'll come back," meaning, probably, that Asa would return to the south room, and not remain taking charge of the child. The evidence continues: "Asa said, 'Let go of me, I'll come right back,' and said it kind o' quiet." This was understood by the witness, as she explained, as an expression on the part of Asa, implying that he would come back and do something extraordinary. He himself says in his evidence that he had thought of the pistol previously. When his father let go of him he went straight to the bureau drawer and took out the revolver, and breaking away from his sister-in law, who tried to prevent his getting it, encountered his mother at the door of the room, who tried to take it away from him. In an interview with our reporter the blind boy said that when the pistol was discharged his hand was hanging at his side. This must be true from the nature of the wound made, and is strong proof that the shooting was accidental. Passing on through the door, probably not knowing in his blindness and fury what he had done, he fired at his father. (He says he only snapped the revolver, and does not remember firing it.) After the shot the old man appears to have been pushed up against the west wall from the door, near which he was standing, or perhaps he retreated thither at sight of the pistols. When the daughter-in-law passed through, however, with her child to alarm the neighbors, she found the old man lying with his feet partly before the door, and actually stumbled over him. She discovered the son sitting astride the body, and, despite her prostestations, dashing the head repeatedly against the floor, all the while swearing horribly that he would kill him. This was the last transaction pertaining strictly to homicide which was witnessed. We have endeavored to give as clear a running account of the matter as could be gathered from the means at our disposal, but many interesting details will be found in the testimony, which we subjoin. Asa Kittle is now in the Troy Jail. From an interview of our reporter with him we are inclined to believe that he is by no means an idiot, but knows fully as much as a person deprived of sight from birth and deprived of intercourse with the world in a back country home until his twentieth year would be expected to know. In reply to the question why he killed his father at that time after the burning of the will, thus cutting himself off from all hopes of recovering the property, he replied "I did not think about the will, I was so mad."

Outrage at Harvard College—Freshmen Blown Up.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 13.

One of the most dastardly outrages ever committed by students, occurred last evening about half past nine o'clock in the basement of Stoughton Hall, one of the dormitories of Harvard College.—It consisted in exploding a small keg of powder in the cellar immediately under a room occupied by members of the Freshmen class. The result was the destruction of almost everything in two of the rooms, the shock having raised the floor more than a foot, tearing up a plank in each of the rooms, and scattering and destroying their contents, and sending their occupants with great force, up against the ceiling. In two of the adjacent rooms, one of which was occupied by two Springfield high school boys, not so much damage was done to furniture, but the floor was divided, and one part raised nearly a foot. Of course the rooms were immediately filled with smoke, which, pouring up through the floor, increased the terror of the already terrified occupants. Glass was shattered, and the door sills wrenched, so that the door could not be opened, and for some time there was a great state of confusion. An alarm of fire was started, and the fire department were quickly on hand, but fortunately (and strangely, too,) there was no need of their services. Some idea of the power of the concussion may be gained from the fact that the persons in the second story were knocked off their feet, and pictures hanging in rooms in the third story were shaken from their nails to the floor. The strangest thing about the explosion is that nobody was hurt.

The Californians are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world, the average yearly consumption in the State being 16.5 pounds, while the average in the United States is only 7 pounds. The average consumption of wine in the State is ten gallons to every citizen, and the amount of whisky is beyond computation.

[From the N. Y. World.]

ARISTOCRATIC PROFLIGACY.

Patrician Bankrupts—They Fail for Many Millions.

The English papers, which are never tired of dilating upon the profligacy and want of principle which have long prevailed in the fashionable society of France occasionally give us glimpses, through the medium of the Bankruptcy Court reports, of a mote or two in the eye of "high life" at home. When poor Goldsmith died leaving £2,000 worth of debt, Sir Joshua Reynold made the reflection, "Was poet ever so trusted before?" And a glance at the list of Lord Courtenay's liabilities suggests a similar inquiry as to peers, or rather their eldest sons. Three millions five hundred thousand dollars, gold! Such is the modest indebtedness which the heir of the Courtenays has contrived to incur since he left college ten years ago, his expenditure during that period having averaged about six thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. It might, perhaps, with some little reason have been anticipated that there would have been a trifle left out of this sum in the way of assets, but there's not a cent; and the creditors have merely to look forward to what can be made out of the estate on the demise of Lord Devon. This is probably the very worst, heartless, and most reckless case of expenditure that ever occurred even among the gambling, horse racing members of the British Peerage. All persons curious in pedigree and family history know that the Norman house of Courtenay (Court Nez) is about the most illustrious in point of lineage of any in the British Peerage. Its members have been emperors, and its Counts cousinship with the House of Capet, with whom it exchanged the courtesies usual among royal kinsmen up to the fall of Louis XVI. It played a prominent part in English history, and it was to Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire as much as to Essex or Leicester that Elizabeth at one time showed a favor which led her subjects to expect the head of this famous family to share her throne. But how are the mighty fallen. The heir to the third or fourth Earldom on the roll, to forty fair manors scattered over the fairest of English counties, and to what was but lately a territory in Ireland, is a hopeless penniless bankrupt, because, forsooth, *pour passer le temps*, and relieve himself from *ennui* he must enter the ugly lists of the racing ring, and meddle with men skillful in the plucking of such golden pigeons as he. The event has, we learn, had a considerable effect on English society. Not that any sympathy is felt with Lord Courtenay, who is as unpopular as he is poor, but his father, the Earl of Devon, is, on the contrary, a man whose name is never heard, whether by Wing or Troy, without inspiring respect; who lived long years of patient self-denial, dispensing with all the usual accessories of his rank, and toiling in a laborious office, that his son might resume the grand position which the family once held, and now in the eventide of his life has for his reward that son's name in the Bankruptcy Court with a schedule of debts £700,000, and assets, what can be got by the sale of the lands which have been the home of the Courtenays for five hundred years at his own death. If it be sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child, Lord Devon is indeed to be pitied for being the father of this graceless whelp. The same journal which records Lord Courtney's ruin mentions that the creditors of his *bon camarade*, the Duke of Newcastle, declined his Grace's generous offer to compound his bankruptcy at five shillings in the pound, having grave doubts as to whether he could raise that sum, and if he doesn't make haste and surrender, this "noble" duke is to be arrested.

Eking Out a Living—A Glance at Professional Life in New York.

[From the College Record.]

The number of lawyers in New York is variously estimated at from four to seven thousand. It is sometimes said that there is one lawyer to every hundred inhabitants; if so, how can they live? One of the first counsellors of the city said to me, a few days ago, "there are about four thousand lawyers in the city; five hundred of these do all the important business; and the most lucrative cases are confined to fifty of these." If this be true, and there is little reason to doubt it, why do so many students enter the legal profession? The answer here is, that law requires but little capital. No young man can now begin business as a merchant unless he is wealthy. A man needs a small fortune to be able to rent one room on Broadway. A young lawyer can make business if he is enterprising and popular in manners. Most business men employ attorneys to make all such papers as country merchants write themselves. The sale of real estate employs many lawyers in looking up titles and making deeds. Still, it is very difficult for a young practitioner to earn, for some years, more than a meagre support for himself; he cannot enter into family relations. The effect of such a life is patent to all.

The physicians rank next to the lawyers in numbers, but they hardly amount to more than a thousand. They fall more readily into practice than lawyers; still only one in a hundred becomes widely known; very few become rich from their professional income. The ministers are, last but not least, in this enumeration. I do not know the number of churches in New York, but I suppose they cannot exceed four hundred. These are but partially filled on the Sabbath. A few eminent preachers, ten perhaps, have crowded houses; the rest preach to two or three hundred hearers. I have been told that about one in ten of the population attend church. The Sabbath is becoming a day of amusement. Citizens visit the Park more on that day than on any other. Pleasure and recreation are more earnestly sought, at all times, than spiritual culture. The ministers, therefore, have a hard field of labor; but it is quite as respectable, and, probably, more remunerative than the professions of law and medicine.

Destruction of Timber—What Should be Done.

An exchange says: "Now comes the statement that in a single county on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, two hundred and ninety-nine millions of feet of lumber have been cut into boards and timber during the past year. Large as this amount is, it is little more than half what it was in 1869. This decrease, coupled with the fact that the yield each season is enormous, is causing some alarm among the local papers. It is very evident that the lumber region is not exhaustless. The demand for building material, which at present is readily answered in this locality, must soon receive a feeble response, for the forests are fast fading before the energetic advance of the lumbermen. As a relief, it is proposed that for building purposes some other material, as far as possible, be employed throughout the country, and that measures be taken here, as in Russia, to prevent the exhaustion of the forests, by reserving alternate tracts, by law—one being used for several decades while another is growing, and then being in turn closed, to allow its undergrowth to become mighty trees. It is not improbable that this matter will before long be made the subject of national legislation. It certainly should be."

Send 10 cents to W. W. Whitney and you will receive three pieces music post paid, or nine pieces for 30 cents.

A SWINDLER'S CAREER.

Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, Amazed—Advent of a Gay Young Scotchman and His Sudden Disappearance—He Deserts a Young Wife and Leaves Numerous Debts—Three Other Wives Living.

From the New York Times.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Dec. 21.

About six months ago there arrived in the village of Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, a young Scotchman, apparently twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. He was polished in his manners, highly talented, and gave out that he was a graduate of an Edinburgh college. Assuming the title of M. D., he hired an office, made extraordinary pretensions, and speedily won the affections of druggists, and, at the same time, tailors, shoemakers and others, and in a short space of time secured a large and lucrative practice in the community. He gave his name as John Reed. He professed to know all about horses, and so, of course, secured the favor of the sports of the place. He appeared to dote upon the subject of woman, and so won the smiles of the fair; and by his engaging manners and dashing ways soon acquired fame about the village for almost everything vivacious and "loud." He very soon became acquainted with a prepossessing young lady, an organist in one of the churches, and the daughter of a wealthy Dutchess Co. farmer, and notwithstanding her parents' opposition, who seemed to distrust the fellow, she was frequently the Scotch doctor's companion at rides, festivals, parties, &c.

Troublesome questions impelled the doctor to establish a reputation as a moral and Christian young man. He at first tried to bring this end about by exhibiting to one of the village preachers a certificate of membership in a Scottish church in Edinburgh, and immediately after asking the privilege of preaching from the Rhinebeck dominie's pulpit, which modest request, however, was denied him. He next requested the clergyman to write to a number of distinguished persons in Scotland, whose addresses he named, (among them Barons, Dukes, Lords, etc.,) for the purpose of ascertaining his high character, excellent moral reputation, and his distinguished ancestry. But the clergyman, for some reason or other, did not accede to this request; the inquiries did not seem fully satisfied, and here came the doctor's third resort. He sat down in his room by himself and wrote several letters to the Rhinebeck clergyman, dated at several places in Scotland, and signed the names of celebrated Scottish personages to them. These letters he sent in another letter to a friend in Scotland, who, when he received them, sent them immediately back to the person in Rhinebeck to whom they were addressed.

This seemed to settle all doubts, and then the bogus Edinburgh student and the M. D. commenced business upon his fraudulently obtained reputation. He mingled with the horsemen of the village and vicinity; purchased horses and buggies; village tailors, from whom he purchased raiment and fine linen, all on "tick;" made his lady-love, the organist, fine and costly presents, and became a favorite of the village generally, even going so far as to write pretty pieces of poetry for the Rhinebeck *Tribune*.

The parents of the young lady, however, refused to admire the doctor's style, or to be satisfied with his elaborate "character," and forbade him the house. But "love laughs at locksmiths," and the young lady, resolving not to be guided by parental authority, ignored the family mansion and found an asylum in the house of a friend at Schultzville, where she was able, without hindrance, to bask in the smiles of her lover. One afternoon, not long ago, he drove up to the Schultzville bower with a horse and wagon; the two were driven to the house of a neighboring clergyman, were secretly married and at once proceeded to Washington Hollow, where they staid two days as man and wife. They then returned to Rhinebeck, where the highly accomplished and polished M. D., and graduate of Edinburgh College, left his bride at the house of her parents whom she was to reconcile, while he would proceed to New York city, he said, for the purpose of purchasing furniture, etc.

He did not go to New York, and he never returned. He has not only deserted the girl he has so villainously betrayed, but he left behind him memories of himself, in the shape of debts to horsemen, tailors, drug stores, etc., to the amount of $1,200. It is further ascertained, what might have been learned before, that he has a wife and two children in Scotland, a wife in London, and one more in the city of New York. Very many of the business men of Rhinebeck and vicinity have an interest in him. The young lady in question has the sympathy of nearly all who knew of the case; but of course there are some who allege that the match was brought about by flirtation.

Male Dressmakers Encroaching on Woman's Sphere.

From the Revolution.

The Times says that there are half a dozen dressmaking establishments in New York where the sewing upon dresses is almost entirely performed by men, although they are not visible to the ladies who call to give their orders. In the second story are big, bushy-headed Hungarians, Austrians and Poles, sewing with great rapidity on fabrics of many hues and textures.

They earn by the piece from $22 to $32 per week, and as high as $30 by working over time at 25 cents per hour. The cutter is a man at $25 per week.

They vary in age from twenty-five to sixty, and have all served an apprenticeship in their several native countries.

In the same establishment are girls employed on machines, who earn from $9 to $12 per week.

Each bastes his dress and prepares it for fitting; and, when fitted, finishes it with rapidity at all points. Two dozen women are often found at work upon a dress, working piecemeal at its different parts. Women from want of training, are rarely perfect. Some excel in one or two departments, * * and are deficient in others.

The prices obtained by the men for making a dress vary with the material used. A figured organdie was shown, finished in a day and a quarter, with hems, bands, trimming of waist and drapery, high in the neck.

"Men dressmakers," men milliners, men in the cook room, men everywhere! Really women's sphere is getting narrow—too narrow even for old time notions. In the nursery, we have go carts, baby jumpers, and cradles, which being wound up, rock themselves. And when the Celestials come to our aid as kitchen boys and housekeepers, what then? There is but one thing left—maternity; and I verily believe, if it were in the range of possibilities, that men would compass that also as a masculine privilege. Everything in the line of woman's labor that can be made to pay, men are crowding themselves into. Still every public journal tells us there are more women than men. A noted French writer says that the world is growing feminine; and, judging from the present peculiar adaptability of men to feminine employment, we should say that there is more truth than fancy in the assertion. If our progressive male members of society are really aspiring to become women in their employments, what shall we do? It is to be hoped that these "vexed questions" about woman's labor will some day work themselves clear, as also the muddled brains in the community in regard to them.

GOSSIP.

White, pearl color, fawn, and gray silks and velours are all considered "*en regle*" for wedding dresses.

An article in the *Union Medicale*, by Dr. Decaisne, controverts the received opinion that women operating sewing machines are more subject to disease than others.

Skinflint, who "gives nothing to street beggars," has no doubt that the men cut off their legs, and women have babies on purpose to appeal to public sympathy.

The only woman student at the Royal Academy, London, is a Miss Hereford, who, in her letter of application, signed only the initials of her first name, and, as no suspicion was aroused, was formally admitted before her sex was known.

Robert Lincoln, son of the late President Lincoln, has joined the Swedenborgian Church in Illinois. His partner in business, John Y. Scammore, a well known banker and lawyer, is one of the most prominent Swedenborgians in the country.

An old negro woman, in Norfolk, having dreamed several times about treasures hidden under her cabin, dug there and unearthed a lot of Continental money, an old gold watch, and several hundred dollars in gold and silver coin.

Cincinnati has a divorce case wherein the parties aggregate one hundred and thirty years in age, and the plaintiff complains of cruel treatment, and that she had to fish for a living while her husband was drinking whisky out of a Britannia teapot.

Thackeray tells of an Irish woman begging of him, who, when she saw him putting his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessings of God follow you all the days of your life"—but when he pulled out his snuff box, immediately added—"and never overtake you!"

Treasurer Spinner says that if the government does not pay better salaries, the time will soon come, if it is not already upon us, when none but rich men or thieves will be able to hold any public office. Wherein he agrees with Senator Carpenter.

The rising generation "age" rapidly in Detroit. A mature specimen, eight years old, was hunting around the police stations for a stray father the other night. "You see," he remarked, with filial exultation, "the guv'ner's a little wild yet, but he'll grow out of it."

Frank Eschrich, Mayor of Danville, N. Y., followed a daughter who had eloped with a worthless scamp, and overtook them at New Britain, Conn., just as they had been married. He was so overcome by this that he became violently insane, and killed himself under an approaching train.

The cattle disease, said to have recently made its appearance in New York, is spreading in Connecticut, and baffling the skill of stock raisers, and others immediately interested. It appears to have some connection with the atmospherical peculiarities to which we have been for a while subjected.

A resident of the St. Lawrence county N. Y., jail, has discovered a new use for soap. Having thoroughly soaked his right arm in soft soap, he was able to thrust it through bars that would scarcely have admitted an infant's, and then unlocked the door, when, by the connivance of friends outside, he made good his escape.

Definition by Geo. Francis Train: "Liberty, equality, fraternity, have different significations in different countries. In America—vapor, gas, electricity. In England—prostitution, slavery, beggary. In Prussia—infantry, cavalry, artillery. In France—eating, drinking, smoking, during a barbarian invasion."

An alleged wife murderer awaiting trial at Baltimore makes a statement, which giddy girls and careless wives have reason to think upon. He says that their poverty, and hence their trouble, came because his wife did not understand housekeeping, and did not want to learn.

The following curious advertisement is in an Arkansas paper: "Whereas, I, Daniel Clay, through misrepresentations, was induced to post my wife Keda in the papers, now I beg leave to inform the public that I have again taken her to wife, after settling all our domestic broils in an amicable manner, so that everything as usual goes on like clockwork."

In Pittsburgh an enterprising young woman succeeded for three years in passing herself off at a respectable boarding house for a man, went through a complete course of studies at a commercial college, graduating with honor, and, to cap the climax, courted and promised to marry an estimable young lady, all without exciting any suspicion in regard to her sex until an accident exposed the deception.

Woman, says the Hartford *Courant*, has her refuge in strong epithets and round phrases which answer all the purposes of profanity in conversation—that is, to give emphasis to sentences otherwise weak. "Gracious," "good gracious," "gracious me," "goodness," (words beginning in "g" seem to be favorites,) "sakes," "sakes alive," "laws"—these are examples of a wide range of light swearing artillery.

A large number of American newspapers are at present arguing against the introduction of intoxicating liquors upon holiday tables. The Cincinnati *Times* implores its lady readers to stop the vile practice of treating their male admirers and flatterers with "hell fire." The editor thinks the ladies of that city can as well dispense with circulating the bottle as not, as there are two thousand whiskey saloons in the place.

William T. Adams, "Oliver Optic," has a curious way of getting up his books. First he selects a title which he thinks will be attractive, and has his publisher advertise that the numbers will begin to appear at a certain time. Next he pitches upon taking titles for the individual volumes of the series, taking no thought whatever and having no idea, beyond what the title may suggest, as to what shall be their purport and contents. Having done so much, he begins by writing down headings for the chapters of the first volume, and then he sets himself to the task of writing one, two or ten chapters per day, as needs may require, and performs his task with unwavering fidelity. Whether in his yacht on a fishing excursion, or in his study at home, he does his regular amount of work day by day until every chapter of the skeleton plan is filled in, and his series is complete.

A Prominent Mormon Lady on Mormonism.

Mrs. Godbe, wife of Mr Godbe, leader of the Reform party among the Mormons of Salt Lake City, writes to the *Revolution*, giving her views of the Mormon question. Here are some interesting extracts from the letter:

As a father, Brigham Young is fond, affectionate, and indulgent; he is unsparing of means in educating his children. His daughters, as young ladies, will compare favorably with young ladies in society anywhere. Some of them are very pretty, even handsome; talented, too, especially in music. I have seldom heard sweeter music discoursed upon the piano, accompanied by the voice, than that produced by these young ladies. I have heard it said that they could sing before they could talk. Music with them is a gift of nature, through their father. Then they are inspirational, some of them remarkably so. I call to mind little Susie, a child of eleven or twelve summers, whose intuition amounts to something akin to "second sight." The Spiritualists would call it "clairvoyant," but the Mormons would be horrified at that word. They, like the sectarians of past ages, are apt to ascribe to the devil that which surpasses comprehension. "What's in a name?" and yet to the infinite mind, there is much in it. The elements to people a "brothel," I should say were lacking in these children. * * * We may cry out against their peculiar institutions, which may be bad enough, but are they not outdone by the peculiar institutions legalized and sustained in all our towns and cities? This is the one great point the Mormons make to sustain their doctrine. I assert that two wrongs can never make a right. The root of the evil must be reached, and that lies in the inequality of the sexes. Let women be educated as men are—to think, to act—let girls be taught that the day of the dandling doll and silly dependent lady is past, and a generation of women born. * * * I think the Mormon problem would be better solved, and more quickly, by an avalanche of young men, educated and intelligent, deluging Salt Lake City in quest of wives. Not many would be found among the young women of Utah who would prefer half a husband to a whole one. It is the scarcity of the male article that has raised its value, and Utah, like New England, abounds with women; but such men as women wish to marry are scarce. Let us pray that the next generation be all of the male persuasion. I am opposed to any measures of force to coerce a religious sect. Such a course always defeats his own aim. * * * As I view it, the Mormon problem, which is now harrassing the minds of the oldest and wisest heads in this nation, can be easily solved by the young ladies of Utah, and will be. It is their right; they pioneer women to the suffrage, and will not be untrue to their womanly instincts, when those instincts are heeded and intelligently directed, freed from all religious constraint, let loose from priestly fear. * * Brigham Young is an old man on the down-hill of life. His name will stand on the pages of history as one of the prominent men of the nineteenth century. For the good he has done in the world let us be thankful, and throw the mantle of charity over his misdeeds. Both good and bad must alike come to light; and when we compare the balance-sheet of all our prominent men, I think the name of Brigham Young will not be the vilest written there.

The Art of Reticence.

The Saturday Review says:

There is art, the most consummate art, in appearing absolutely frank, and never telling anything which it is not wished should not be known, in being pleasantly chatty and conversational, yet never committing one's self to a statement or opinion which might be used against one afterward—*ars celare artem* in keeping one's own counsel as well as in other things. It is only after a long acquaintance with this kind of a person that you find out that he has been substantially reticent throughout, though apparently so frank. Caught by his easy manner his general talk, his ready sympathy, you have confided to him not only all you have of your own, but all you have of other people's; and it is only long after, when you reflect quietly, undisturbed by the magnetism of his presence, that you come to the knowledge of how reticent he has been in the midst of seeming frankness, and how little reciprocity there has been in your confidence together. You know such people for years, and you never really know more about them in the end than you did at the beginning.—You can not lay your finger on a fact that would in any way place them in your power, and though you do not notice it at the time, and don't know how it has been done now, you feel that they have never trusted you, and have all along carefully avoided anything like confidence. But you are at their mercy by your own rashness, and if they do not destroy you it is because they are reticent for you as well as toward you; perhaps because they are good-natured, perhaps because they despise you for your frankness too much to hurt you; but above all things, not because they are unable. How you hate them when you think of the skill with which they took all that was offered to them, yet never let you see that they gave you nothing back for their own part—rather by their jugglery of manner made you believe that they were giving back as much as they were receiving. Perhaps it was a little ungenerous; but they had the right to argue that if you could not keep your own counsel you would not be likely to keep theirs, and it was only kind at the time to let you hoodwink yourself so that you might not be offended. In manner genial, frank, conversational, sympathetic—in substance, absolutely cautious, never taken off their guard, never seduced into dangerous confidences; as careful for their friends as as they are for themselves, and careful even for strangers unknown to them—these people are the salvation as they are the charm of society; never making mischief, and by their habitual reticence, raising up barriers at which gossip halts and rumor dies.

The funeral of the late Rev. Albert Barnes took place at Philadelphia on the 28th, from his late residence. There was a large attendance of clergymen and friends of the deceased.

A NEW
FARMERS' PAPER.

THE AMERICAN
Farm Journal!

A PRACTICAL PAPER
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE,
HORTICULTURE AND
HOME INTERESTS

We have commenced the publication of a new paper, devoted to the interests of the Farm, the Garden and the House, and are perfecting such arrangements as will render it one of the most valuable Agricultural Journals published in the United States. The AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL will be

Eminently Practical

In all its various departments, containing in a plain and intelligible form, the results of the observations, experiments and labors of Practical Farmers, Stock Growers, Gardeners, Housekeepers, etc., in all parts of the country. Every question of interest to the great producing classes will receive proper notice and comment; and all improvements in modes of culture, machinery, implements, grains, fruits, &c., &c., will be promptly laid before our readers.

In the Department of

Household Economy,

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FARM JOURNAL

Will be elegantly printed on fine white paper; each number will contain sixteen pages of four columns each; it will be handsomely illustrated with engravings of farming machinery, implements, stock, fruits, flowers, &c., and will be in all respects a first-class journal for the Farm and the Home.

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Five copies, one year [illegible]
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Twenty copies, one year [illegible]
And an extra copy to every person sending us a club.

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The FARM JOURNAL and the TOLEDO BLADE will be sent to any address for [illegible]

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MILLER, LOCKE & CO.,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

189927A

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. P. MILLER D. R. LOCKE J. P. JONES

MILLER, LOCKE & CO., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO THURSDAY JAN. 5, 1871.

Terms of Subscription.

THE WEEKLY BLADE

Published every Thursday and sent to subscribers by mail, at the following rates:

One Copy, one year	$2 00
" " six months	1 00
" " three months	50
Clubs of five	$1.75 each.
Clubs of ten or more	1 50

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

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WEEKLY BLADE

Ordinary advertisements (Nonpariel solid) 40 cents per line, each insertion.

Special Notices, (Nonpariel leaded) 60 cents per line, each insertion.

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Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent additional.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

The Best Reading Matter at the Lowest Prices.

OUR REVISED CLUBBING LIST FOR 1871.

We ask the attention of our readers who want to take other papers and magazines in connection with the BLADE, to the following list by which they can secure the leading publications of the country at greatly reduced rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive one subscriber for the BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from this list. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new ones, subscribers may avail themselves of the offer:

MONTHLIES.

The Atlantic Monthly, price $4.00 a year, and the BLADE both one year for $4.50.

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Harper's Monthly, price $4 00, and the BLADE both one year for $4 75.

Lippincott's Monthly, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4 50.

The Galaxy, price $4 00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.50.

Our Young Folks, price $2 00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.

Godey's Lady's Book, price $3.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4 00.

Arthur's Home Magazine, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3 00.

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WEEKLIES.

Harper's Weekly, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75

Harper's Bazar, price $4 00 and the BLADE both one year for $4.75

Appleton's Journal, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4 75

Prairie Farmer, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.

Western Rural, price $2.00, and the BLADE both one year for $3 00.

The Chicago Advance, price $2 50, and the BLADE both one year for $3.00.

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Waverly Magazine, price $4.00, and the BLADE both one year for $4.75.

New York Sun, price $1.00, and the BLADE both one year for $2 50.

Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates.

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SPECIMEN COPIES.

Remember that we send specimen copies *free and postage paid*, to any address sent us for that purpose, and we respectfully request our readers to send us the name of any of their friends who are not now subscribers and who they think would like to examine the BLADE. Send the names from as many different Post Offices as possible.

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TO AGENTS.

Persons who have been acting as our agents for the BLADE, are requested to continue on the same terms as heretofore. But those who from any cause are unable to do so, will please recommend some one to take their place. Remember that we want a live, wide-awake agent at every Post Office in the United States.

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CLUB RATES.

Additions may be made to clubs at any time at club rates, and the papers for a club will be sent to as many different Post Offices as desired. Agents will please remember this in making up their lists.

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HOW TO REMIT.

Money sent to us by Express pre-paid, by draft on New York, Philadelphia or Boston, by Post Office order, or in Registered Letter, will be at our risk—otherwise at the risk of the sender.

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WORKING TOOLS.

We furnish our Agents and all others who wish to get subscribers for the BLADE, with all the "working tools," such as posters specimen copies, &c., they can use to advantage. Send in your orders and they will be forwarded by return mail.

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AMMUNITION.

Any of our Agents, or persons who wish to become such, who want specimen copies, or our new illustrated poster representing NASBY's removal from his Post Office, should write for them and they will be sent at once.

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LOOK AFTER THE RENEWALS.

Our agents everywhere are requested to look after the renewals of their clubs. Get the names here in time to prevent the paper from stopping and the regular files of subscribers from being broken.

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Ward Beecher says: "Some have supposed that a meek man was one who, when he was bit first, did not hit back. I despise such meekness as that."

THE TARIFF QUESTION IN THE WEST.

The Free Traders who are depending upon the West for support are leaning upon a broken reed. There are men in the West—grain growers—who have not yet been sufficiently educated by adversity—who may continue to listen to the specious pleas of Free Traders; but the great masses have passed all this nonsense years ago. Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, to-day, were the question of tariff or free trade put squarely to them without complication with other issues, would vote overwhelmingly for a tariff so adjusted as to stimulate what they know is essential to their prosperity—manufactures.

In many parts of the West remote from the great transportation lines to the manufacturing population of New England, farmers are burning corn for fuel, because it is cheaper than coal or wood. They have at last learned the reason for this. The population which consumes what they raise is so far from them that the cost of transportation of their surplus produce makes it valueless. They will never vote, at least the intelligent portion of them will not, for any legislation that will remove their market three thousand miles further away. They will vote for no legislation that will destroy the manufactures of the East and throw out of profitable employment the very population that consumes what they produce. To do it would be to convict themselves of stupid ignorance of their own interests. On the contrary, they are the ones who will clamor the most persistently for a continuance of judicious protection. They not only desire it for the sake of a near market in the East, but they desire a nearer market still. They want one at home. Ohio has water-power unemployed sufficient for a manufacturing population of hundreds of thousands. Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa are just as favorably situated for manufactures. The farmers of these States are longing to hear the hum of spindles and the clang of hammers on the banks of their magnificent rivers, that they may see their wheat and corn consumed within sight of the ground that produced it. The Missourian desires the development of the boundless coal and iron fields of his State; the Ohioan desires the development of the rich veins of coal and iron in the East and South; in short, the West wants and will have, manufactures. Enough has been accomplished in that direction to demonstrate the possibility of profitable manufactures in the West; experience not always pleasant, has demonstrated their necessity, and when the struggle comes it will range itself almost unanimously with the friends of American industry.

The efforts of the British importers to foist free trade upon the country will amount to nothing. The West has learned the very important lesson that there can be prosperity only where the farm and factory are side by side.

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OUR BRITISH RELATIONS.

The Pall Mall *Gazette*, which recently declared itself heartily sick of the Alabama question, is reported in our last night's despatches as saying that England must not expect any friendliness from the United States and that we are in a condition to insult her at any moment. It is a source of some satisfaction to see our British friends at length in a condition where they are sensative as to what we may do. Russia has done us a service by opening the Black Sea question, and giving England to understand that she must either consent to a change in the treaty of Paris or fight. The conference growing out of Russia's demand will meet in London on Tuesday next, and should this means of preventing war fail, we may have the opportunity of applying the precedent of which Mr. SEWARD spoke so calmly and of "taking pay in kind," as Mr. SUMNER said the American people would prefer to do. England ought to understand that in urging a settlement of the Alabama claims we have been her best friend and she probably does understand it now since the Russian Bear has given her visions of American built vessels issuing from our ports to sweep her commerce from the seas. It is to be regretted that the Alabama claims question could not have been settled under the the immediate pressure of the conference, since, if war is averted, England may lose her anxiety about the matter, and relapse into her old indifference and disposition to avoid a just settlement. We say this of course more in the interest of England than in our own interest, for the Alabama claims give us one of our best advantages of Great Britain, and if we wished constantly to keep a rod in pickle for our domineering cousin, we should not urge the settlement of this question. It is not, however, for us to desire the humiliation or downfall of England upon any grounds. We are too nearly one in language, in political and religious ideas, in leading civilization and in earnest purpose to redeem mankind from whatever thraldom they endure, to wish any great ill to each other. But we will naturally have minor disputes and heart-burnings, as brothers will, and these should be settled by mutual concessions and in a spirit of mutual good will and justice.

While the Alabama question is pending, the fishery question looms up to give us an opportunity for difference with our Canadian neighbors. We hope that both questions will be pushed to a settlement now that they are up, and that the fishery question will show the two countries anew the importance of that annexation towards which they are drawing. We are now draining Canada of its most vital labor element which comes to the United States to avail itself of the advantages of living under our government. This tide may be turned back and a new life and prosperity may be infused into the country by simply transferring the territory, with the fisheries and the St. Lawrence outlet, to the United States. We hope something may be gained from the discussion of the fishery question toward educating the Canadian people up to acknowledging the advantages if not the necessity of annexation.

THE SOBER, SECOND THOUGHT.

In this morning's telegrams will be noticed a *Tribune* special in reference to the abandonment of the movement to depose Mr. SUMNER from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. The purport is that the movement is to be given up. That this would be its end we have not had a moment's doubt since it was first mentioned. The reasons given in this telegram are certainly cogent, especially the first, that there was too much good sense and good principle in the Senate to allow such an outrage to be perpetrated, and the second, that for the duties of the place CHARLES SUMNER has no peer in the Senate. It was to be expected that the most dignified legislative body in the world would refuse to listen to the suggestions of base politicians to punish an independent man for following out his personal convictions of duty. If in a moment of passion or haste it had consented to such an outrage, the Senate would have degraded, not CHARLES SUMNER, but itself by such action. It is not the first instance in history, where eminent fitness has defied the efforts of mediocrity to obscure its lustre.

It is also stated that "a more considerate judgment has been passed upon Mr. SUMNER's recent speech. It is not quite so bad as at first it seemed. This is just what the public will think and say on the second and more critical reading of his remarks. Mr. SUMNER did oppose the President. But, if his opposition was honest, and fairly expressed, this surely is no unpardonable offense. Admitting that his speech was characterized by heated temper, were not the circumstances of the case such as to excuse, if not to justify some plain or even severe speech? The President and his friends were determined to push to a final accomplishment the St. Domingo annexation project. Acting in his interest, Senator MORTON proposed and urged the appointment of a Commission, at considerable expense, to get information about San Domingo. Mr. SUMNER thought the President might more properly give the Senate the information already in his possession—the result of previous investigations, concerning the part of the Island owned by the Dominican government. He urged the passage of his own resolution of inquiry in preference to the passage of a measure which seemed to commit Congress to annexation. That a very persistent pressure on one side should excite a stern and obstinate resistance on the other was to be expected. Before Congress met the air was rife with rumors, true or false, of bitter denunciations of SUMNER at the White House. He was compelled to notice some of these at the outset of his speech. This of course, caused some sparks to fly. Then he proceeded to unfold, perhaps with undue severity, but certainly with fidelity to his own convictions, the various processes, efforts, and movements by which this annexation job has been brought to its present state. In all the criticisms and denunciations of Mr. SUMNER that we have seen we have observed no specifications of the terms or words which were deemed insulting to or defamatory of the President. A second reading of Mr. SUMNER's speech will show that his words were better chosen and considered than a hasty or passionate speech would allow, and that it was the *opposition*, and not the *insults*, of the Massachusetts Senator which caused all this partisan furor against him.

The American people should pause before they compel Senators to become the mere echoes of Presidential behests. This they may do before they are aware of it. The Senate was created to check and restrain the President, should he ever need to be checked or restrained. As to when the time occurs for such interposition is for each Senator to consider, and not for the President, or any of his friends to decide. Each Senator is to determine that for himself. When Senators, by popular permission, are to be overwhelmed with censure and opprobrium for daring to differ with the President, then the safeguard of the Constitution has lost its virtue. The independence of the legislature is of the highest value to a republic, and yet at times American partisans seem as if insanely determined to compel their Senators and Representatives to become the mere echoes of the Executive voice. And from annexation schemes, urged on by occupants of the Presidential chair have originated more political revulsions, and more danger to the nation, than from all other causes combined. These have always had to overcome an intelligent resistance from our best and safest statesmen. Yet they were clamored down, greatly to the hurt of the nation. True this St. Domingo affair is a small one, and we do not anticipate very serious results one way or the other, be it carried or defeated. But the principle involved is of far greater consequence.

Mr. SUMNER is not bound by party obligations to support San Domingo annexation. Be it a good or bad measure, it is only a *measure*, and not a *principle*. And to that measure the Republican party is not committed. Indeed, so far as principle and antecedents are concerned the party sentiment is with Mr. SUMNER and not with the President. The Republican party has in it few of the elements which have hitherto given rise to schemes of this sort. It is a gross perversion of party authority to attempt to punish any man for independent action on any question of this sort. We are rejoiced to learn that the attempt at proscription has failed. Give the people time to think and St. Domingo annexation will fail likewise.

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HORACE GREELEY'S ESSAYS, "What I knew of Farming," which have been published in the *The Tribune* every week during 1870, are to be printed in book form, and a copy will be sent, post-paid, to each subscriber who sends $10 for *The Daily*, $4 for *The Semi-Weekly*, or $3 for *The Weekly Tribune*, and requests the book at the time of subscribing. This will enable all subscribers to secure the Essays for preservation, on renewing their subscriptions, and new subscribers will, of course, be glad to obtain them, free of cost. jny5-w1t.

PERSONAL INDEPENDENCE.

A very popular writer has said: "No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic." All this is true, but another element of purity and steadfastness might have been added, to wit: Independence. This is a somewhat comprehensive word, and to be explicit, we mean by it such a freedom from restraint and coercion by selfish interests, as to give judgment, conscience and will a perfectly free and unbiassed operation. Many men have clear convictions at all times, but on some occasions they are denied the luxury of their expression by bonds which they feel limiting and restricting their action. A man who makes a sect or a party the chief end of his exertions, or who is dependent on the favor of either for his bread or his promotion, can hardly be expected to see a truth which may be unwelcome to his compeers or patrons with the same vividness as one who is perfectly free and unbiassed in that particular. Hence the evil of the vast Executive patronage under this government. By means of it a vast body of intelligent minds are held in a position of dependance, and hence are constantly pressed by a motive of interest to conform their views to those of the dispensing power. It is but due to many of these to say that they are unconsciously in bonds. The mind does not easily admit its degradation, and our interests are very subtle in their suggestions to the logical sense.

One of the saddest sights we ever saw was in a political convention in the earlier period of the defection of ANDREW JOHNSON. It was proposed to endorse his administration as Republican. The people of the county in Convention assembled refused to hear the proposition with patience. A leader who, for the time being, dispensed Executive patronage in that region, led the Johnsonian forces. When the final vote was taken only nine or ten men stood up for the treacherous administration, and every man of them was observed to be a dependant upon the appointing power. More than one of them came to the point with faintness of heart, and faltering of the voice, but the eye of the dispenser of patronage was on them. They dared not put their places in jeopardy. Hence the pain and shame of their position. These were at heart honest and true men. Afterwards nearly all of them burst the bonds which for that time held them in a false position, and subsequently did yeoman's service in the line of their convictions. They are not to be reproached as base or treacherous. They were simply bound by their circumstances. When the screw received another turn they nobly turned upon the traitor and defied him. We allude to this not to reproach them, but to illustrate the importance of keeping men in a position to exercise freely all the functions of their manhood. Office-holders are but men—neither better nor worse than other men. But, in a great country like ours, they constitute a large class, and one of great power for good or evil. We would rejoice, therefore, at any change which would enable every one of them to think and act as freely on political subjects as other men do. This is one of the reasons why our civil service system should be re-modeled so as to make official tenure depend on capacity and fidelity, and not on a servile conformity to the views of the powers that be.

An ancient prophet, that he might preach plain rebukes to the wicked, clothed himself in sackcloth and satisfied his hunger with locusts and wild honey. He reduced his wants to the minimum in order that he might defy the efforts of the proud and selfish to restrain him. Hence he could, by the force of his truth and personal independence, compel the dignitaries of the land to come to his baptism of repentance. But when they came he met them with no complaisant words. Being independent of sect he could say and do what his convictions prompted. Thus he was made successful. But the starting-point of his success was in his independence of others. He could and would live on his own resources, and give the world the benefit of his best thoughts and inspirations.

This is a great advantage to any man. It is too much to expect the martyr-spirit of men in general. But we may recommend the advantage of, so far as possible, keeping every man independent of the tyranny of others over his own views and opinions. We would advise every man, that in this regard, "the post of honor is the private station." Or, if ambitious, it is better for one to throw himself upon the people for support than to be dependent upon individual caprice or judgment. Popular opinion is not always right, and is often capricious, as well as mistaken, but, on the whole, is more reliable than that of ambitious men who act with a view to their own advantage. The public is a safer and more magnanimous master by far for an independent mind to serve.

Independent men are generally progressive. Certainly progressive men are always independent. They correct the mistakes and enlighten the ignorance of mankind. The men who dare to think and to tell what they think, and share the same fate as do their convictions are the greatest benefactors of the world, though seldom recognized as such. To every man, therefore, who would exert a faithful public influence, we say, keep yourself, in your circumstances, and habits of thought, as far as possible, independent of being affected by the action or opinions of others.

The tendency of the age is strongly to merge the individual in the sect, the party, or the corporation. It is an age of association and combination to produce large results. This is well. But with all the accruing benefits, there are evils to be watched and guarded against, and in this article we have indicated one of them.

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☞ Five cents additional cost will buy shoes with silver tips, which will save the buyer the price of a new pair of shoes. Compared with ragged toes and dirty stockings, they are beautiful, to say the least. Try it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE noticed not long since the fact that a Georgia paper, the *True Georgian*, had taken down the name of GRANT and run up that of HOFFMAN for the Presidency. We have now to announce that the change was too much for it. The paper died on Sunday last, having broken down completely under the great load which it had undertaken to carry. Shall we see in this an indication of the fate which awaits the party should it undertake to carry HOFFMAN through a Presidential campaign?

IT seems that with all the President's change of Indian policy and changes in the Indian Department it is impossible to secure an honest and just administration of Indian affairs. The letters of Mr. WELSH, of Philadelphia, deserve attention, for they make very circumstantial and direct charges of corruption on the part of certain Government officials in their transactions with the Indians, and declare that there is gross maladministration of this branch of the Interior Department. For instance, he discloses frauds in beef contracts; charges General BLUNT with having stolen $30,000 from an appropriation of $90,000 made to the Quapaw Indians; shows how a contractor made one hundred and twenty-five per cent on goods supplied to the Indians; asserts that other contractors who engaged to furnish tents, cheated the Indians and the Government by furnishing flimsy muslin instead of canvas, and depicts in strong language the misery and death which these villanies have brought upon the Indians. He further accuses those who administer the Department with extravagance and with violations of the law authorizing the Commissioners to superintend all purchases for the Indians.

This is the old story and may have some truth as a basis. When we hear of Indians on the war path, as we do almost daily, we shall not be far amiss if we lay a great part of the blame upon the whites who deal with them. The question of chief interest now is what punishment can be devised sufficiently severe to reach these dishonest agents. They are involving the government in the expense of chronic intermittent war and bringing untold misery upon the poor savages.

In this connection we invite attention to the despatch from Fort Scott, Kansas, which says that the War Department has issued an order to remove all Indians from the Miami reservation in that State. This reservation embraces 70,000 acres of fine land, upon which is a thriving town of 1,200. The order, it is said, has been procured by fraud and misrepresentation and in the interest of the Indian Ring who hope to profit by speculating in the lands. No sufficient reason for this removal is suggested from anything known of the Indians upon this reservation, and should it take place it will probably be one of the most unprovoked of the many wrongs which the government and its agents have from time to time inflicted upon the helpless Indians.

The Christmas of 1870 will be memorable in the history of engineering enterprises for the completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel. It needs only a railroad track henceforth to enable passengers to whisk in twenty minutes from France to Italy. That faith which removes mountains was the faith of those engineers who twenty years ago proposed the tunneling of the Alps. It was, of course, ridiculed at first as impracticable by that large class of persons who shook their wise heads and raised their wise eyes at the project of an ocean cable, or even at the Pacific railroad. But the faith of these engineers prevailed and a contract was at length secured from the governments of France and Italy for the construction of the work. The result is that the mountains have been virtually removed.

Sixty-five years ago the great NAPOLEON, looking up at this same Mont Cenis, asked, "Is the route practicable?" and his genius and energy demonstrated that it was by constructing the roadway which has ever since been used as the only highway between France and Italy. This road is thirty miles long and eighteen feet wide. Within the last five years a railroad has been built over the ridge, upon which a peculiar engine, dragging a single car, has wound the passenger up to a height of over 5,000 feet above the level of the country. The nephew of the great NAPOLEON, though he is inferior to his uncle in military genius, has been worthy of his great relative in his faith in human energy and the application of science to the accomplishment of great results. Twice he has answered the question, "Is the route practicable?" in the affirmative, and has been the chief patron of the Suez Canal and the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

The Tunnel was begun in 1857, thirteen years ago. It enters the mountain about fifteen miles from the old Mont Cenis road, at the town of Fourneaux, near Modane, in the valley of Arc, in Savoy, and emerges at Bardonecbe, in the valley of the Dorariperia, in Italy. It is a little less than eight miles in length. It passes under three mountain peaks, the summit of the central one being 11,000 feet above the sea level. In constructing the Tunnel powder was first used in blasting, then gun-cotton and lastly nitroglycerine. Machinery had to be constructed to convey to the workmen air, water and gas for light from the outside. The drilling was done by compressed air. The Tunnel is in the shape of a segment of a cylinder, the height of the arch being 24 feet and 7 inches, and the width at the base being 25 feet and 3½ inches. Masons followed close upon the machinery and lined the arch with masonry. The cost of the work is probably over fifty thousand francs or ten millions of dollars.

Hereafter passengers to and from Italy will miss the grand prospect of the world below which the old route afforded. Those of course who travel for beautiful prospects will take the old road, but the great world of to-day is unsentimental, and would sooner sit in a car 11,000 feet under the Grand Vallon than to sit at the summit and overlook France and Italy.

Thus it is that science detracts from poetry in one direction while it adds to it others. There is said to be no grander idea in Homer than that of the astronomer who discovered a planet and as he saw his calculation coming out as he wished remarked that he "felt the star trembling along the verge of his analysis." Thus we may miss much of the poetry of Nature as we whisk under the Alps in the dark or sweep across to San Francisco in a rail car, but we get the poetry of comfort and whatever poetry of idea results from such grand triumphs over matter.

Thus within a single decade the Atlantic Cable, the Pacific Railroad, the Suez Canal and the Mont Cenis Tunnel have been completed. The Tunnel under the British Channel to connect France and England by railroad is under contemplation and another generation may see a tunnel under Behring's Strait. It will be possible then to read in New York an advertisement of the "Great American and Russian Railroad" by which passengers may be carried through from New York to St. Petersburgh without change of cars.

EXPLORATIONS to the Arctic regions have not thus far resulted in anything of very great practical value. Nevertheless they have added something to our knowledge of those regions, and they enable adventurous men to write interesting books of travel. Explorers have not yet abandoned the hope of discovering a Northwest Passage, and their persistence and courage may yet be rewarded. We notice that Capt. C. F. HALL, to whom has been intrusted the government appropriation for a voyage to the North Pole, is now fitting out his vessel and will sail in May next. His design is to sail in a steam brig fitted out and constructed with reference to a voyage among the ice. His plan is to train his men to live upon the country, that is, to subsist upon seal and walrus meat and drink train oil. This idea seems to be new to Arctic expeditions, but it is strange that it was not adopted before. The attempts heretofore made to live on food adapted to the temperate zone seem, now that the thought has been suggested, as absurd as they are unnatural.

Whether or not Captain HALL's efforts will be chiefly directed to the discovery of a Northwest Passage, we are not informed. In this connection, the story told by a recent Honolulu paper is suggestive if true and interesting in any case. A whaler is reported to have captured a whale in the Arctic seas which had in its body a harpoon. The harpoon was known to belong to a ship which was at that time cruising in the northern seas on the other side of the continent. This whale, therefore, must have passed from one open sea to the other by way of the pole, and if there is a passage navigable for whales, it is supposed that one may be found navigable for vessels. A whale might be supposed to dive some distance under ice, but he must come up at short intervals to breathe.

THE Northern Pacific Railroad, the grading of which is now far advanced upon the section extending across Minnesota, is wisely projecting branches and connections to the north and south. It has purchased the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad by which the main line is brought into connection at St. Paul with the commerce of the Mississippi river and with the railroads centering in Chicago. At a point in Montana the road will branch or fork, one road extending northward to Puget's Sound, and another southward to Portland on the Columbia. These two ends will be connected by a road running parallel with the Pacific coast. At Portland, connection will be formed with roads projected and in process of construction through Oregon and California. Running northward from the main trunk line in Minnesota a road will be built to the British line, tapping the Pembina and Winnepeg settlements. These are the main projected branches, but others are in contemplation which will aid in the rapid development of the regions lying north and south of the road.

The section of road in Minnesota, it is thought, will be completed and in running order by August next and work will be commenced on the Pacific end early next spring. Thus in a few years an extent of country equal to a small continent will be thrown open to settlement and a new channel of trade will be established. This great enterprise is of the first importance to the lakes which will form a part of the new route. By the Northern road the distance between the Pacific and the lakes will be shortened some 600 miles and our Atlantic ports as well as the European cities will be brought 1,400 miles nearer to China and Japan. This is partially owing to the deflection of vessels to the North by the trade winds and ocean currents. Vessels from San Francisco to Asia pass up nearly to Puget's Sound, which is 800 miles North of San Francisco, and describe a kind of semi-circle. This distance will be saved by vessels sailing from the Pacific terminus of the Northern road. Other advantages which the Northern route has are in grades and in the temperature of the region traversed. Strange as it may seem, the snow fall is much less on the Northern than on the Central route, and the climate is as mild as that of England or Virginia. The country along the whole line is admirably adapted to agriculture, the valley of the Yellowstone being especially adapted to grain raising.

One of the first results to follow the completion of the road will be the rise of two great cities at the two termini. One of these, it is now almost settled beyond a doubt, will be Duluth at the western extremity of Lake Superior and the other will be on Puget's Sound. Those who have seen Chicago rise out of the mud at the north of the Chicago river in one generation, can realize how these great cities are possible. Another result of the road will be to promote the annexation of the British possessions which will depend upon it for an outlet, and thus the United States will slip his great territorial arm around the half-consenting, half-unwilling Canada, and draw her into the family of States.

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☞ The attention of those wishing to procure homes in the West on liberal terms is invited to the advertisement of lands in Iowa and Nebraska by the Burlington & Missouri Railroad Company. The lands are of the best, the terms are liberal and the Company responsible.

◆

Soldiers' Colony.

A colony of returned soldiers is being raised to settle on the alternate reserve section of Government land on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. For full particulars address JOHN THORP,

jny5-w1t West Farmington, Ohio

◆

A microscopic examination of the phlegm discharged by consumptives exhibits multitudes of animalcule which eat up their lungs and cause almost incessant irritation and coughing. CARBOLIC is the most deadly preparation to insectiverous life. Whilst it benefits human life, it destroys insect life, and EDEY'S CARBOLIC TROCHES, if anything can, will afford a chance for a man's life, who is affected with "phtises pulmondlis," by destroying the animalcule which, lodged in the lungs, are constantly feeding upon them. With these TROCHES, then, the sufferer has a chance for his life. Let the friends try them. They may save the endangered life. For sale by all druggists.

◆

FACTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—That Dooley's Yeast Powder will produce from twenty-five to forty pounds more bread from a barrel of flour than by the old-time tedious process of raising dough with bakers' or Hop Yeast. The economy of purchasing Dooley's Yeast Powder can readily be seen by all. It permits no waste of flour prepared with it, produces elegant, light, nutritious rolls, biscuits or pastry, such as can be eaten and relished by invalids or the most confirmed dyspeptics. Put up in packages to suit customers, and for sale by any and all grocers. Dooley & Brother, Manufacturers, 69 New Street, New York.

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To Cure A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

nov8-in25t-64

Dr. Schenck Advises Consumptives to go to Florida in Winter.

Having for the last thirty five years devoted my whole time and attention to the study of lung diseases and consumption, I feel that I understand fully the course that ought to be pursued to restore a tolerably bad case of diseased lungs to healthy soundness. The first and most important step is, for the patient to avoid taking cold; and the best of all places on this continent for this purpose, in winter, is Florida, well down in the State, where the temperature is regular, and not subject to such variations as in more northern latitudes. Palatka is a point I can recommend. A good hotel is kept there by Peterman. Last winter I saw several persons there whose lungs had been badly diseased, but who, under the healing influence of the climate and my medicines, were getting well.

One hundred miles farther down the river is a point which I would prefer to Palatka, as the temperature is more even and the air dry and bracing. Mellonville and Enterprise are located there. I should give a decided preference to Mellonville; it is two miles from river or lake, and it seems almost impossible to take cold there. The tables in Florida might be better, and patients complain at times; but that is a good sign, as it indicates a return of appetite; and, when this is the case, they generally increase in flesh, and then the lungs must heal.

Jacksonville, Hibernia Green Cove and many other places in various parts of Florida can be safely recommended to consumptives in winter. My reasons for saying so are, that patients are less liable to take cold there than where there is a less even temperature; and it is not necessary to say, that, where a consumptive person exposes himself to frequent colds, he is certain to die shortly; therefore my advice is, go well down into the State, out of the reach of prevailing east winds and fogs. Jacksonville, or almost any other of the localities I have named, will benefit those who are troubled with a torpid liver a disordered stomach, deranged bowels, sore throat, or cough, but, for those whose lungs are diseased, a more southern point is earnestly recommended.

For fifteen years, prior to 1869 I was professionally in New York Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia every week, where I saw and examined on an average five hundred patients a week. A practice so extensive, embracing every possible phase of lung disease, has enabled me to understand the disease fully; and hence my caution in regard to taking cold. A person may take vast quantities of "Schenck's Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills," and yet die if he does not avoid taking cold.

In Florida, nearly everybody is using Schenck's Mandrake Pills, for the climate is more likely to produce bilious habits than more northern latitudes. It is a well-established fact, that natives of Florida rarely die of consumption, especially those of the southern part. On the other hand, in New England, one-third at least of the population die of this terrible disease. In the Middle States, it does not prevail so largely; still there are many thousands of cases there. What a vast percentage of life would be saved if consumptives were as easily alarmed in regard to taking fresh colds as they are about scarlet fever, small-pox, &c! but they are not; they take what they term a little cold, which they are credulous enough to believe will wear off in a few days. They pay no attention to it; and hence it lays the foundation for another and another still, until the lungs are diseased beyond all hope of cure.

My advice to persons whose lungs are affected, even slightly is to lay in a stock of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic and Schenck's Mandrake Pills and go to Florida. I recommend these particular medicines, because I am thoroughly acquainted with their action. I know, that, where they are used in strict accordance with my directions they will do the work that is required. This accomplished, nature will do the rest. The physician who prescribes for cold, cough, or night sweats, and then advises the patient to walk or ride out every day, will be sure to have a corpse on his hands before long.

My plan is, to give my three medicines in accordance with the printed directions, except in some cases where a freer use of the Mandrake Pills is necessary. My object is, to give tone to the stomach,—to get up a good appetite. It is always a good sign when a patient begins to grow hungry: I have hopes of such. With a relish for food, and the gratification of that relish, comes good blood, and with it more flesh, which is closely followed by a healing of the lungs,—then the cough loosens and abates, the creeping chills and clammy night sweats no longer prostrate and annoy, and the patient gets well, provided he avoids taking cold.

Now, there are many consumptives who have not the means to go to Florida. The question may be asked, is there no hope for such? Certainly there is. My advice to such is, and ever has been, to stay in a warm room during the winter, with a temperature of about seventy degrees, which should be kept regularly at that point by means of a thermometer. Let such a patient take his exercise within the limits of the room by walking up and down as much as his strength will permit, in order to keep up a healthy circulation of the blood. I have cured thousands by this system, and can do so again. Consumption is as easily cured as any other disease, if it is taken in time, and the proper kind of treatment is pursued. The fact stands undisputed on record, that Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Mandrake Pills and Seaweed Tonic have cured very many of what seemed to be hopeless cases of consumption. Go where you will, you will be almost certain to find some poor consumptive who has been rescued from the very jaws of death by their use.

So far as the Mandrake Pills are concerned, everybody should keep a supply of them on hand. They act on the liver better than calomel, and leave none of its hurtful effects behind. In fact, they are excellent in all cases where a purgative medicine is required. If you have partaken too freely of fruit and diarrhœa ensues, a dose of the Mandrakes will cure you. If you are subject to sick headache, take a dose of the Mandrakes, and they will relieve you in two hours. If you would obviate the effect of a change of water, or the too free indulgence in fruit, take one of the Mandrakes every night, and you may then drink water, and eat watermelons, pears, apples, plums, peaches, or corn, without the risk of being made sick by them. They will protect those who live in damp situations against chills and fevers. Try them. They are perfectly harmless. They can do you good only.

I have abandoned my professional visits to Boston and New York, but continue to see patients at my office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, every Saturday, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Those who wish a thorough examination, with the Respirometer will be charged five dollars. The Respirometer declares the exact condition of the lungs; and patients can readily learn whether they are curable or not. But I desire it distinctly understood, that the value of my medicines depends entirely upon their being taken strictly according to directions.

In conclusion, I will say, that when persons take my medicines, and their systems are brought into a healthy condition thereby, they are not so liable to take cold; yet no one with diseased lungs can bear a sudden change of atmosphere without the liability of greater or less irritation of the bronchia tubes.

Full directions in all languages accompany my medicines, so explicit and clear that any one can use them without consulting me, and can be bought from any druggist.

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.,
No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College Place, New York, Wholesale Agent. dec15weowlyr-64

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MILLER LOCKE & CO.,
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Correspondence.

From Washington.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

CHRISTMAS—MR. SUMNER AND GENERAL SCHENCK—THE SAN DOMINGO COMMISSIONERS—THE FISHERIES—THE WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1870.

The festivities of Christmas take a very conspicuous place in the social life of Washington, and the day is of universal observation. What will seem curious to most of your readers is that this day, dedicated to "peace and good will," should be ushered in by the firing of guns and pistols, like the fourth of July. This appears to be a remnant of old Dutch customs, the greater part of which have been laid aside and forgotten. Many years ago the Dutch settlers along the valley of the Mohawk, were accustomed to commence their shooting operations long before day, and to continue them with all sorts of variations till late in the morning. They also "clutched eggs," or gambled with them by sticking the little ends together; and when two parties met and thus tried the strength of their eggs, the one that had its shell broken became the prize of the other. Eggs were a great feature of the celebration, and every family had its eggs boiled for the occasion and the shells colored in all manner of fanciful ways and there was calling from house to house much as is now practiced on New Year's day.

In Washington the custom of making presents is well nigh universal, and the stores are supplied with extra attractions to meet the universal demands of "the holidays." Yesterday there was a Christmas tree in nearly every household where there are children, and most of the Sabbath schools had Christmas trees in their various places of meeting. The custom also prevails largely of dressing houses and churches in evergreens, and of having social family gatherings in the evening. As the 25th was Sunday, Christmas was the theme of the Sunday discourses; but the departments were closed on Monday and the holiday celebrations took place on Monday.

Mr. Sumner has set off his quarrel with the President by marked courtesy and good will towards the President's nominee for the English mission. When the name of Gen. Schenck was sent in for confirmation, Mr. Sumner was all smiles and satisfaction. He moved at once for unanimous consent to proceed to the confirmation without the usual reference to a committee; and went on to enforce his motion by a statement of the urgency of the case and the length of the vacancy. He said too that he hoped for that unanimity in his case which was so eminently deserved by his distinguished position in the other House, his early success as a diplomatic agent of the government and his great service as a soldier. He went on further to express his strong personal confidence in the General and his strong hopes that Mr. Schenck would be able to bring our unsatisfactory relations with Great Britian into relations of cordiality and good will, and would terminate all the important question now pending between the two countries. It is understood that Mr. Schenck's nomination was confirmed unanimously.

You have, doubtless, noticed a dispatch stating that an agent from the British government was on his way to Canada, and, after conferring with the authorities of the New Dominion on the subject of the fisheries, would proceed to Washington. What there may be in this statement is not known; but Mr. Thornton, the British Minister, states that he has no information from his government indicating that the questions about the fisheries are to be adjusted at Washington; but he is anxious that action should be taken at once, before the fishing season arrives. He has expressed his gratification that the choice has fallen on Gen. Schenck, whom he knows personally and in whose disposition and judgment he has great confidence.

The United States steamer Tennessee is being fitted out at our navy-yard to proceed at once to sea, and it is whispered that she is to take out the San Domingo commissioners. But as the bill for appointing the commissioners has only passed one house no further action can be taken till Congress reassembles. No doubt is entertained, however, that the bill will become a law immediately after the work of Congress is resumed.

The cold weather which I noticed in my last, was most severe on Friday and Saturday nights, when the thermometer indicated about 6 or 7 above zero. It appears to have been much colder in Chicago, St. Louis and further west, but moderated there before it did here. On the 25th, while it was not very cold in New York, Buffalo, Chicago and other places at the North there was a cold belt stretching from Ohio through West Virginia to Richmond, for which it is not easy to account. In West Virginia they talk of the mercury going down to 20, 30, and even 40 degrees below zero; and in Richmond, when the Spottsylvania was burning, the papers report snow on the ground, and the weather colder than at any time within 18 years. That awful calamity was made even more appalling by the intensity of the cold, and the barefoot and naked fugitives met an atmosphere out of the building only a shade more endurable than that within. In Washington there is no snow, but ice has formed on Rock Creek six inches thick, and the ice gatherers are at work harvesting the crop with a host of workmen, and the nimble skaters of both sexes are improving the holidays with all sorts of ice carnivals.

BUCKEYE.

* * *

☞ In 1822 JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, was consulted by some members of Congress, about establishing an independent newspaper. In the course of the interview he said:

> "An independent newspaper is very necessary to make truth known to the people; but an editor really independent must have an heart of oak, nerves of iron, and a soul of adamant to carry it through. His first attempt will bring a hornet's nest about his head; and if they do not sting him to death or to blindness, he will have to pursue his march with them swarming over him, and be beset on all sides with obloquy and slander."

* * *

☞ It is said that the Senate will not agree to a universal amnesty bill, though one of liberal terms will probably be reported by the committee having that subject in charge. Our law-makers should remember that we have had sore trouble brought on us by some very rash, obstinate, bad-principled men in the South, and that the worst infliction the country ever had was when they ruled in the councils of the nation. The country is better off with them in private life. They ought to be giving thanks, night and morning every day of their lives, that, through the clemency of a merciful government, they have gone unhung and undamned, rather than be complaining because they can not be made Senators and Cabinet officers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The total number of deaths in Chicago during the year have been 7,351, being 119 less than the previous year.

An Ohio woman has sued her husband for divorce because he refused to believe in the damnation of unborn infants.

The New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum officials are sorely tried at present in their efforts to find accommodation for 600 patients.

The Lincoln monument, at Springfield, Ill., is about half done, and will be completed and dedicated on the 4th of next July.

A suit has been commenced against G. E. & H. G. McFadden for the recovery of $22,000 penalty for failure to fix stamps for perfumery sold.

The new cattle disease has become quite prevalent in the western part of Litchfield county, Connecticut, Governor English has taken measures to have it "stamped out."

The San Francisco papers announce the return to that city of a boy, not yet quite nine years of age, who has travelled all the way to Chicago and back, without either pass or money.

A joint stock company is forming at Meriden, Conn., with the avowed object of prosecuting the liquor dealers under the new law, which makes it a crime to sell adulterated wines and liquors.

Wm. Lentz struck a man named Valentine near Evansville, Ind., on the 29th with an axe, cutting his left hand in two places from which he bled to death today. Lentz has thus far escaped.

The Assistant State Cattle Commissioner, of New York, reports one thousand head of diseased cattle in Duchess county, and states that the milk business of the county is seriously endangered.

A boy named Cooke, who had gone into a stable to rest, near Calvert, Texas, quite recently, was mistaken for a wild beast by an affrighted brother, and had his brains blown out with a shot gun.

A St. Louis druggist has now a suit for heavy damages in the United States Court against a "mercantile" agency. It reported him "unsound," when he was perfectly able to meet any indebtedness.

A Sedalia business firm has commenced a suit against the authorities of that city to recover $31,400 for losses sustained through the burning of a brewery. The claim is based upon the insufficiency or inactivity of the Fire Department.

Jonathan Crandace, a bank watchman, of Westerly, R. I., was approached by two suspicious strangers on the 28th, when one of them shot him through the head. A set of burglars tools were found this morning under the platform of the depot.

The Pennsylvania Republicans are signing petitions to the Legislature, asking for a State Constitutional Convention. The Democrats of the State talk a great deal about reform, but they do not favor a Constitutional Convention to secure it.

Governor Holden, of North Carolina, has been given thirty days to put in an answer to the articles of impeachment preferred against him. The prosecution will then have six days to file their replication, and the trial will commence on the 30th of January.

Sumner's speech is to have an extensive circulation. It has already been largely subscribed for by the Democrats and Republicans who oppose the St. Domingo project. About half a million copies of it in pamphlet form will be scattered throughout the country.

Every girl student of the telegraph school conducted at the Cooper Institute, has found employment as soon as she graduated. Women are rapidly taking the places of the men on all the lines.

An emigrant party of seven, a mother and six children, passed through Georgetown, Ind., a few days since, *en route* to Virginia. The wagon containing the worldly goods of the party was drawn by the eldest son.

A few days ago there was a quadruple birth at Fairmount, near Philadelphia. The mother is a respectable woman in humble circumstances. She is now the mother of thirteen children, and has previously had three pairs of twins. The neighbors have kindly made up a subscription in her behalf.

A few weeks ago a shipment of twenty car loads of teas and silks arrived at New York from the far East, by way of the Union Pacific Railroad. A dispatch from San Francisco was received on the 29th announcing the departure of a train of forty cars bearing nearly four hundred tons of teas and silks.

A blast of sixty thousand pounds of powder was successfully exploded in the Blue Point Gravel Gold Mine, California on the 29th. The gold bearing earth is two hundred feet square and seventy-five feet deep. It lifted twenty feet completely shattered. This is the greatest mining blast ever fired in California.

Among the most important discoveries of the German arctic expedition was a new land, about thirty-six nautical miles east of Spitzbergen, and situated north of the seventy seventh degree of latitude north. The new territory is larger than Spitzbergen, and presents a very wild and rugged appearance, being filled with almost perpendicular mountains and cliffs.

Mr. John Bell Crockett, grandson of Davy Crockett, was found murdered on his trading boat, at Brady's Landing, five miles above Memphis, on the Arkansas shore, on the 29th. His head was horribly crushed with an iron bar, lying near a door which was locked. The boat had been plundered, and the murder committed evidently for the purpose of robbery. No clue has been obtained of the murderer.

On the night of the 16th, James Bryan, a noted desperado, was shot and killed near Nashville, Ark., by James M. Norwood. Bryan had been employed by Norwood and was discharged for intemperance, and he swore he would kill Norwood and his wife. He made several attempts to carry out his threat, and that night he attempted to enter the house with a pistol in his hand, when Norwood fired with a shot gun, killing him instantly. Norwood surrendered but was discharged.

Soon after the recess an effort will be made to increase the tax on whisky, with some prospect of success, it is said. It is stated that the new commissioner of internal revenue, General Pleasanton, favors such an increase, which will be joyful news to the whisky ring.

The infliction of penalties for neglecting to discharge the duty to vote, is favored by the Boston *Journal*. It suggests that it might be sufficient to provide that no man shall be eligible to office at any election, who has failed to vote at the three elections next preceding.

As an evidence of the progress of the temperance movement in Maine since 1828, the Lewiston *Journal* declares that a man may travel the whole length of the State and seek "decent society" without meeting an intoxicated person, or smelling the poisoned breath of a man who uses liquor.

Benjamin Chickering, of Pittsfield, Mass., has been ejected from the office of Secretary and Treasurer of the Berkshire Mutual Life Insurance Company of that town, having appropriated $83,000 of the Company's funds for gold speculations. The Company, however, is secured from loss.

At the Maryland Immigration Convention, held at Baltimore, a resolution was passed appointing a committee to draw up a petition asking the State Legislature for an appropriation of $200,000 to be used in encouraging European emigration.

The *Chronicle* of the University of Michigan has an article in favor of establishing a National University, in which it says: "The establishment of such a university would bring far greater glory upon the Republic than building a Pacific Railroad, or thrashing England, or annexing a dozen San Domingos."

The last account of the Siamese twins is by a letter from Eng. He states that their condition is worse; they are exceedingly restless, and Eng, who is palsied, is failing quite rapidly. These brothers, although they lost some $40,000 by the rebellion, are still in good pecuniary circumstances, being worth about $200,000. The families of the two aggregate some six or eight children.

The funeral of Rev. Collins Stone, late principal of the American Asylum for the deaf and dumb, who was killed by the cars last Friday, took place on the 28th at Hartford, Conn. Rev. Mr. Gould delivered the funeral address. The pupils of the American Asylum occupied the gallery of the church and Mr. Gould's address and prayer was interpreted to them by Prof. Bartlett by signs.

To provide Paris with provisions and fuel for one month there would be needed 34,000 oxen, 80,000 sheep, 8,000 pigs, 5,000 calves, 100,000 cwt. of salt meat, 8,000,000 cwt. of hay and straw, 200,000 cwt. of flour, 30,000 cwt. of vegetables, 100,000 tons of coal, and 14,500,000 cubic feet of wood. So said M. Thiers in his fruitless negotiations with Count Bismarck, in respect to the proposed armistice.

The county officers of Ohio were paid during the past year about $1,100,000. Of this amount $230,000 went for clerk and deputy hire, leaving the net compensation of the county officials $870,000. It is thus seen that the cost of running the county offices is about one-fourth of the entire amount levied for State purposes, including the Asylum fund, the Sinking fund, the Common School fund, and the General Revenue fund.

Thomas Kennedy, whose dead body was discovered at No. 91 North Wells street, Chicago, was not murdered, as supposed. Kennedy, while playing cards in a saloon adjoining the alley in which he was found, attempted to leave without paying his losses and his opponents made an attempt to arrest him. He rushed up stairs to the roof of the saloon and fell therefrom into the alley, causing his death. Those following him thought he had escaped and were astonished when his dead body was found in the morning.

There is a singular state of affairs at Rutland, Vermont. All the hotels have been closed in consequence of a stringent liquor law passed at the last session of the Legislature. The law compels each town to support one hotel at least, for the accommodation of the public, and if no hotel facilities are furnished, any party aggrieved may sue for and recover damages against the town for neglect to comply with the law. The authorities, therefore, in order to avoid this liability to actions for damages, have hired and are running a one-horse hash mill on the side of the mountain, in the suburbs of the village. The consequence is, that Rutland is becoming a place of avoidance.

An editor in California announced that from pure cowardice he refuses to speak to married women of his acquaintance. He says: "Somebody perishes ingloriously every day for being upon speaking terms with married women, and we do not care to have our turn come around. Deeply grateful for the past forbearance of aggrieved husbands, we make our bow and retire. Hereafter our nods and smiles will be lavished upon girls and widows exclusively; no others need apply. Whoever shall attempt to introduce us to his own wife, or that of another, will be regarded as a conspirator against our precious life."

One of the celebrated *restaurateurs* of Paris has discovered the way to make a delicious dish with rats. He dresses them with champagne and spices. He cannot fill all the orders he receives. In short, the last *chic* is to eat rat. The market for these little beasts is held in front of the Hotel de Ville. The rats are shut up in a great cage, where the buyer selects his rat, which is then driven by the seller into a small cage where it is alone. A bulldog is then brought, the cage is shaken, the rat rushes out and is seized by the dog, which gives it a squeeze, and deposits the dead rat delicately at the feet of the purchaser.

John H. Surratt delivered a lecture at Concordia Hall, Baltimore, on the 29th, before 250 persons. He was afteward arrested by the United States Deputy Marshall on the charge of not having paid a license as a tobacco dealer in this city two years ago. He was taken before United States Commissioner Rogers, but waived examination and gave bail in the sum of $1,500 for his appearance before the March term of the United States District Court.

A Cincinnati man has brought suit against the Western Union Telegraph Company for $5,000 damages, sustained in consequence of a message being delivered to the very man, of all others, who should not have had it. The plaintiff in the case telegraped to his attorneys at Meridian, Miss., to seize De Haven's circus for debt. By mistake the message was sent to De Haven instead of the attorneys, and he very judiciously proceeded to put the property in such shape that it could not be taken: after which he considerately handed over the telegram to the parties for which it was originally designed. Accordingly, the telegraph company are now sued.

William Woods, a worthy and industrious negro, living near Dewitt, Ark., was called to his door last Thursday night, while a dance was going on at his house, and on opening the door was fired upon by some assassin and instantly killed. No clue to the murderer.

It appears from the returns made at the Census Office that the colored population in 1870, in 1,020 counties, is 1,607,011. In 1860 the colored population was 1,441,402, a gain of a little over 4 1 3 per cent, and, leaving out the Northern States, which are included in the total, the gain would be less than 2 per cent.

A terrible explosion, causing the death of three men, occurred on the 30th, in the iron foundry of Miller L. Depore, in Brooklyn. The water in the boiler got too low, which was the cause of the explosion. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed and the head of a painter employed about the building was picked up in the Bushwick Creek, 300 feet distant.

A sophomore at the Polytechnic Institute, Bath, Me., while attempting to haze a freshman, was overpowered, and the victorious freshman took lessons in the tonsorial art upon his head, shaving it smoothly, with the exception of a small tuft of hair upon the top. The sophomore's personal appearance was not materially improved, as he presented an aspect that reminded one of a Sioux Indian.

The annual report of the Fire Marshal of the city of New York gives some highly interesting statistics relating to fires caused by gas-burning fluids. He says that during the past year there were 116 fires caused by kerosene, and 41 by liquid gas, gasoline, &c., making a total of 157 fires; being 18 per cent. of the aggregate number, and an increase of 70 per cent. from last year. The number of lives lost by these was 17, an increase of 70 per cent. from last year.

The official vote of West Virginia has just been declared. The vote for Governor was the largest ever cast, by some 7,000. The majority by which the Democratic candidate was chosen, was 2,150. Democratic Congressmen were chosen in the 1st and 3d Districts, both of which are represented by Republicans in the present Congress. In the 2d District the incumbent, McGrew, is re-elected by a majority reduced from 1,400 to 900.

The report which a Maine newspaper makes of the management of the Soldiers' Asylum at Augusta, demands prompt investigation. It is charged that the food is bad—"so bad that it gives out an offensive odor, and that the inmate who makes a complaint about having to eat such offal, is punishing for insubordination. The punishment usually includes being put in irons and fined heavily. The fines are deducted from the wages of the work the soldiers are permitted to do to get a little money to send to their poor wives or children. For 'impertinence,' or what is construed to be impertinence, it is said that crippled inmates have been 'trussed up like fowls with heavy sticks of wood between their teeth and kept in that position all night.'" The truth or falsity of these allegations should be ascertained without delay.

GOSSIP.

The New Orleans *Times* thinks it ungallant to style milliners' girls "common sewers."

Illinois has a paper called the Vienna *Artery*. Its circulation is not large, but it gives all the current news.

On the monument of the late Barnabas Bates, at Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Mass., is inscribed: "The father of cheap postage."

There is much food for reflection in the following questions and answers; "Who hits a woman when she is down?" "Wey, another woman." Who keeps her down?" "Why, another woman."

A Michigan man brutally beat his spirited horse a few days ago, and the enraged animal finally kicked him in the face and killed him. And the Michigan papers call this a terrible "accident."

About a month ago a tree near Mt. Clemens, Mich., was struck by lightning, and it is still burning, and as fast as the fire consumes the wood, instead of producing ashes, it turns into a substance resembling lava.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* describes a lot of shoddy blankets, at seven dollars a pair, hardly strong enough to bear their own weight, and through which a decent sized rat might jump without touching the threads on either side.

The doctors are not all agreed about the use of the sewing machine being injurious to health. An eminent French authority denies that any evil effects have been experienced by women operating machines, within the range of his observation, which is extensive.

The M. E. church of the United States has 1,173,099 members, being an increase of 58,387, and owns property valued at $52,614,581, for church buildings, and $7,200,512 for parsonages—an increase of $5,361,534 in the former, and $431,284 in the latter during the past year.

The Gentiles are coming down like the wolf on the fold of Brother Brigham, and capturing some of his choicest lambs. The other day Col. Trobeth, a Federal army officer, wedded Miss Stenhouse, daughter of a leading Saint, who was lately editor of Brigham's home organ, the Salt Lake *Telegraph*.

"Widows are estimated by the square mile in New Hampshire. Twenty to the mile is thought a good ratio." The Boston *Advertiser* says that, but it seems to be hardly doing justice to the widows. It has usually been admitted that a Miss is as good as a mile, and the widows may well object to being counted twenty for one.

A Philadelphia judge has picked up somewhere the absurd idea that witnesses are not criminals. He rebuked a lawyer for badgering one in a late case, and laid down the astounding proposition that a witness should be treated in the same manner as any gentleman would treat a visitor to his house. The lawyers talk of having him impeached or sent to a lunatic asylum.

The *Methodist Recorder* don't like pet baby names for adult women, saying: "We consider it a sickly sentimentalism, if not sacrilegious brass, to ignore the name sealed by the baptismal covenant. How it would point a verse of Scripture to have it put in modern style thus: 'Now a certain man was sick named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mollie and her sister Mattie!'"

An effective plan is pursued in Paris to catch rats for the restaurants. Holes are made in the bed of the sewers, and filled in with *soup de glucose*, a thick and sweet liquid. The rats, attracted by the flavor, rush greedily to feed, and immediately fall into the holes, from which they are unable to escape on account of the glutinous nature of the soup, and thus they are daily captured by thousands.

Henry Bergh is devoting his energies now to suppressing the swill milk establishments, and will shortly prosecute parties implicated in the Brooklyn stables, where 200 cows were kept with every accompaniment of cruelty, last winter. He also proposes to prefer charges against Judge Buckley, who refused to give his complaint any attention at the time of his former attempt to bring the rascals to justice.

The Rev. T. K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., said some unpleasant things about H. B. Smith, just elected to Congress from the Elmira district. Smith remarked to him that these statements were conspicuously inexact. Beecher exclaimed, in decided tones: "Do you want to get up a quarrel with the Beecher family?" "No, sir," said Smith, "but I want to know if you intend to get up a fight with the Smith family?" An armistice was declared.

Mark Twain thus prescribes for an aspirant for literary fame: "Young Author."—Yes, Agassiz *does* recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it does make brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all that you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling whales."

The old man Kittle in New York, who was murdered by his blind son, is said to have thrown the boy out of the window, when he was but two weeks old, the concussion forcing the infants' eye balls from their sockets. The man was drunk then, and he crippled another son for life by a kick in the back on another occasion. Kittle had traded horses with a neighbor. Finding that he had got the worst of the bargain, he desired to exchange back again. The other party would not consent; and while the horse was standing in a shed at the village tavern, the monster went out and with his knife ripped open its abdomen and let its bowels out upon the ground.

A Montreal correspondent of a Massachusetts newspaper is responsible for these statements: "Society here is singularly different from what it is in the States. The Irish seem a different race. Many of the Irish girls are Southern-looking brunettes, an ethnic absurdity in the States. In fact, considering our geographical position, the number of tropic complexions among the women is singular. A blonde of the New England type is as rare as a white crow. The women are all ruddier and stronger than American women, and make nothing of walking four or five miles in the bracing air of this latitude. Of course they lack the spiritualness of the Boston girl. Americans tell us that the position of women here is inferior to what it is with them, and very likely it is so. All the family drudgery here is done by the women."

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

In Sonora Indian scalps are quoted at $3.

Thanksgiving Day was observed by the Cherokee Nation.

A learned physicist announces that this globe will support life for 26,000,000 years longer.

A Boston paper calls one of the public justices of that city a "velvet-pawed dictum of law."

A fashion authority says: "The gloves should always be darker than the dress, unless the latter is black."

An Alabama Judge, who was too drunk to set upon the bench, was put in jail by the Sheriff for contempt of court.

It is said that the bishops in the Episcopal and in the Methodist Church are about the hardest worked men in the land.

The siege of Paris has added to the vocabulary. Thus we hear of "pigeoning" messages and "ballooning" despatches.

A girl of sixteen, near Montreal, recently took arsenic to whiten her complexion. None could question her success as she lay in her coffin the following day.

A divorce case in Ireland has elicited the fact that the lady was in the habit of chastising her husband with the furniture, and on one occasion knocked him down and sat on his head.

A facetious young gentleman from Cincinnati received the charge of a shot-gun in return for his courtesy in calling an Indiana farmer up in the night, to take in his chimney as it was freezing weather.

The Chicago women find a mild form of dissipation in chewing spruce gum. A pious lady of fashion has announced to her friends her intention of keeping Lent this year by giving up her gum until Easter—if she can.

Karl, aged five, has a brother ten days old. Nelly, a little one of nine, meeting him, asked if he was not glad to have a little brother to play with. With a shrug of the shoulders, Master Karl replied, "Play with. He can't wash his own face."

The French and German soldiers will march, work, and fight without bread, meat, and potatoes, but without tobacco they are utterly useless. On the rumor the supply was running short, the greatest consternation pervaded the French camp.

It is charged that a wonderful printer's blunder had been perpetrated in Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" poem. It would be a physical impossibility to conceal twenty-four *packs* in the sleeve, though the verse reads so, and *jacks* was probably written.

The religious sect known as "Drunkads" have established a college at Bourbon, Ind. Until recently, it is said, the Dunkard church has been strenuously opposed to all liberal systems of education, but now has fully determined to establish an important institution of learning.

The funeral of the old actor, George Holland, in the Church of the Transfiguration at New York, Tuesday, brought together a noteworthy assemblage of the theatrical profession. Among the most distinguished were Joe Jefferson, Lester and James W. "Fatty" Hackett, Wallack, William Mayridge, Augustin Daly, Charles Fisher, William Niblo, Emily Mestayer, Agnes Ethel, Fanny Morant, beside many pantomimists and lesser actors.

The Boston Post says: "Wm. T. Adams, known the world over as 'Oliver Optic,' returned from Europe in the Palmyra on Sunday, after a six months' absence in the Old World, which he visited in search of material for a new series of his 'Young America Books of Travel.'"

Mrs. M. M. Cole shows a spirit of magnanimity and justice worthy of imitation by the strongminded of her sex. Addressing the Ohio Female Suffrage Convention, she said: "It may be some women are abused, but it is equally true that there are some men who are nearly henpecked to death."

"Why do you applaud so?" asked a gentleman of a friend, after the performance of a long and particularly stupid piece of music. "Because it is finished!" he replied.

Chicago claims that her postoffice has done more business during the past year than the postoffices of Cincinnati, St. Louis, Indianapolis and Milwaukee, all combined.

Colored "repeaters" were spotted on election day, in Mobile, by placing fishhooks in their coats, so that when they came up a second time they were detected.

The *Medical Record* records the somewhat remarkable fact that, of 87,822 soldiers who were wounded during the rebellion, only four gunshot wounds of the heart were reported.

What more appropriate holiday gift can be made to a friend at a distance than to send a daily or weekly newspaper, which will keep the donor in constant remembrance throughout the year?

A week or so ago, a surprise party at Pittsfield, Mass., broke a stove, two chairs, a sofa, and a lot of crockery, during their stay at the house of the party surprised. The family has no further wish to be surprised.

In England all untitled gentlemen's cards bear the Mr. before the name, a custom gradually finding favor here. In the two universities it is customary to draw a pencil-mark through this title when leaving a card on an under-graduate friend.

At one of the Wellsburg, Ohio, churches, on Thanksgiving Day, somebody quietly dropped a $100 greenback into the money-bag. The unknown donor has the satisfaction of hearing his home paper say that the gift is either a mistake or conscience money.

Dr. Newman reports a spring of natural indelible ink in California. Near it is a spring so acid, that with a little sugar mixed with the water thereof it makes delicious lemonade, and as such it is given to the guests at the hotel as a "pooling beverage."

Mr. and Mrs. Sanson, of Chicago, filed cross bills for divorce. He testified that she poured a panful of boiling water over his head, and then scraped the hair off with the pan, he submitting "to see how far she would go." He now thinks she went too far.

A burglar went into the house of Mr Tile, at Philadelphia, Sunday night, and chloroformed the husband preparatory to business, but Mrs. Tile made such a furious attack upon the operator that he fled. This Tile of woman is valuable in a household.

The city of Bath, Maine, ranks as the fifth in the United States in the amount of shipping it possesses, and the two little towns of Belfast and Woldoboro, in the same State—places almost unknown out of New England—each own thousands of tons more of vessel property than the important city of New Orleans.

An Atlanta (Ga.) paper of last week says: "A lady in this city tied her hubby's hands and feet, the other day, just for fun, and then went through his pockets for a certain billet doux, and found it. His physician tells him that his face won't be badly scratched, though he may remain permanently bald."

Latest thieving dodge: A respectable looking old gentleman crying "whoa!" to his horse outside, while he is filling his pockets within with jewelery—the innocent storekeeper never doubting the honesty of a man who has so respectable a turnout until he finds his customer gone and the horse and buggy appropriated by some one else.

A lady who was acting as gratuitous amanuensis in writing a letter for a lady friend last week, had the impudence to throw the letter into the fire when nearly finished, for the simple reason that the lady for whom she was writing modestly requested her to close the letter by saying, "Please excuse bad spelling and writing."

A fiend in human shape was engaged in planking a sidewalk in a certain Western city, when a woman in gorgeous apparel stopped near the scene of his labors to chat with a friend. Her train hung over the edge of the last plank he had put in position, and he quietly slid another alongside of it, and securely spiked it down. The fiend then went away to dinner.

"A certain leading grocery house in New York recently received a cask of dried herrings in the very best of merchantable order. The gentleman whose name the firm bears caused these to be taken out of the cask and had put in their stead a lot that was old and decaying. These were sent to the firm from which the fresh lot had been received, with the explanation that, the goods being damaged, they could not be received."

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Our Young Folks.

SEVEN YEARS OLD.

BY A. H. POE.

Seven years old,
Maggie my pearl!
Thoughtful, fair-haired,
Blue-eyed girl!
It does seem strange;
And, pet, do you know
What a snow drop you were
Seven years ago?

Seven years old,
Maggie my pearl!
Grandma is keeping
Your first baby curl;
Your cheeks were as soft
As a pink apple blow,
Or the heart of a pansy,
Seven years ago!

Seven years of gladness,
Blossom and song;
Near to the angels
All her life long.
The years are so bright,
To our dear little girl;
May they never be darker,
Maggie, my pearl!

BETWEEN THE BELLS.

BY JULIA M. THAYER.

"There goes the first bell. Heigh ho! I wish I was a crow," said Henry, giving his Latin grammer a toss which unexpectedly lodged it in the branches of the chesnut, overhead.

He gazed at it a moment in surprise, and then stretched himself out coolly on the grass.

"I hate books," he continued, petulantly; "and schools, and rules, and everything of the sort. Here I've been hammering my brains out with one thing or another, ever since I was born. There's no use trying to get through with 'em, either; it's just like jumping out of one briar bush into another. It's from definitions to dates, and from dates to problems, and the dead languages to dig out by the roots, and *ologies* and *isics* enough to craze an owl. I'm tired of it. If I were a king it should be against the law for anybody to know how to read or write; and every pedagogue should wear a foolscap, so he should."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said a cracked voice at his elbow.

Henry started and looked around.

"So you're tired of books; that's good; come with me, where there is nothing of that kind to trouble you."

The speaker was a stout, little man, with a wrinkled face, white, flowing beard, and a funny twinkle in his deep-set eyes. He wore an odd skull cap, and carried a birchen twig in his hand.

"Do you live far from here? and can I come back whenever I choose?"

"Don't live far from here; can come back whenever you choose," echoed the little man; and with a sigh of satisfaction Henry rose to follow him.

Across the meadow, over the fence, and now a bold strike for the wooded mountain. For a little way the path looked familiar enough; then lithe young saplings gave place to giant trees; the way grew steep and strange, and a twilight gloom seemed to settle on the forest.

The little man stumped along so vigorously that Henry had much ado to keep up with him, and was entirely too breathless to ask the thousand and one questions that puzzled his brain.

He was, in fact, beginning to feel discouraged and almost frightened, when, finally, the forest opened, and a blaze of sunlight dazzled his eyes.

Before him lay a lawn, decked with shrubs and fountains, in the centre of which rose an airy structure, of indescribable grace and elegance; fantastic and out of proportion, an artistic eye would have said.

Before a group of lounging boys the dwarf paused, introducing Henry: "A new comrade, my hearties; give him a greeting, will you?"

"Welcome, welcome to the new Noddy!" they all screamed in a breath.

"Here, Master Ignorance," continued the little man, to a dull-eyed youth, "take charge of this new candidate."

"Certainly," quoth Ignorance; "providin' he's sworn ag'in book l'arnin', and will take the Booby's Oath, to wit: Never ask the reason why."

"He's not sworn against anything," replied the dwarf, testily; "but what little he knows won't hurt anybody, and he says he hates books; so now I hope you're satisfied, and will give him a fair chance."

"To be sure," drawled Ignorance, after a stare, that in anyone else, would have been considered unmannerly. "He's the boy to make a muddle of the pultimication table, my word for it." And with this complimentary speech, he tucked Henry under his arm, and walked off with him.

"Ain't you glad, Noddy," he continued, familiarly, "that we don't believe in the schullhouse—reg'lar old prison, that. 'Let boys have their freedom,' says we; an' ef they must work, let 'em work at somethin' that'll butter their bread for 'em.' Why, you know, our first parents lost all their property by havin' too inquirin' a mind—it's a sin. Hear me toot!"

And with that he put a tin trumpet to his lips, blowing for dear life, and strutting about with a very important air, dragging Henry along with him.

Now, to Henry this seemed a very silly and ridiculous performance; and he was glad enough, finally, to slip away and join the other fellows on the lawn.

"O, but isn't this jolly?" chuckled he to himself. "No hateful school bell, nor hard benches; no glum master, pestering lessons, nor horrid books! I'm done with 'em; hurra!"

Then he threw himself into play with amazing energy; won every game, and distanced his competitors in every race, so fresh and brisk he came from his tasks.

"This is glorious!" he exclaimed; "I shall never tire of it."

But while he was zealously inventing new games, and gallantly leading the sport, he could not but observe that his companions were more boisterous than happy; or their mirth had a mixture of malice; or they were stupidly content to do nothing, for

"All play and no work
Makes Jack an idle shirk."

"This is strange," thought Henry, "I can't understand it;" and ran to Ignorance, exclaiming, "Dear master, pray tell me why—"

In vain Ignorance put his finger to his lips, and shouted, with frantic gestures, "Stop! Stop!"

"I only want to know why, dear master," continued Henry; but before he could finish his question he found himself angrily seized and thrust into a horrid little dungeon, where bats and spiders were his only companions.

"Sure enough," thought he, gloomily, "if I want to live with this crowd, I must consent to be a booby, and never trouble myself about the reason of things. But a fellow can't help thinking." So he continued to think until he thought himself to sleep; the best thing he could do, perhaps, under the circumstances.

By and by he was awakened by the creaking of the little door, as it swung back on its hinges. A good-natured fellow looked in and whispered:

"Come, Noddy; get out of this, quick! The old un's tooting himself deaf, so now is your time; come with me."

Henry lost not a moment in making his escape. But he now found himself the boon companion of idleness; one whose great delight it was to lie on the grass and watch the sailing clouds; who slept and dreamed, and woke and dreamed again. Always dallying with the present hour, he had no past nor future; no regrets, no hopes, no aspirations. His vague and aimless thoughts were like the noisome scum that settles on a stagnant pool.

Henry soon wearied of this new friend, and, drifting gradually away from him, he found himself at the portals of the beautiful temple he had noticed, when he first entered this charmed region.

Dazzlingly fantastic, its alabaster columns rose like graceful flower stems, supporting a dome that seemed clad in ever-changing hues of inexpressible beauty. A rosy cloud rested on its summit, wrapping its topmost spire in mystery. A circular stairway wound round and round, higher and still higher, till, from its dazzling elevation, the earth seemed a fairy land; while, far away in the sea of ether, lay groups of enchanted islands, bathed in purple splendor. And this was the Temple of Fancy, the realm of dreams; the home of all sweet, unreal imaginings. From its lofty towers and balconies one sees those famous *chateaux en Espagnes*—the towering pinnacles of fame; the longed-for gardens of delight. Those who are poor in all things else, can come here and hug themselves with joy at the loveliness and grandeur of their possessions.

Baseless and airy structure, but dearer to many than all the regal treasures in Truth's domain.

"O, happiness!" cried Henry; "what a discovery. Who would doze, now, over prosy facts and philosophies?" A fig for dull books and schoolmaster's homilies.

Away he flew, to disport himself with the golden wings that Fancy lends her young votaries. Away, away, to climb the spiral stairs and nestle under the rosy cloud; when lo! with a sudden gust of wind, the whole fairy fabric came tumbling about his ears, and he crept, despondent, from its ruins.

"Come, come," said a merry voice, "many a worse thing than that never happened but once; it will all pass in a lifetime. Follow me." And a gay creature, wearing a motley dress and cap, and jingling a chime of silver bells, danced quickly by.

Henry caught one glimpse of her, and bounded after; and was soon the veriest madcap in her troop of followers. Whimsical, absurd, ridiculous, away they went, over hill and dale, snatching at the roses, making light of the thorns; mocking at the good and beautiful; aping every monstrosity; giddily dancing along, as if life were an aimless farce, and death the crowning joke of all.

Thus, far into the forest, till, looming up in the destance, was a huge castle, gloomy and threatening.

And now shrieks, and groans, and muttered curses filled the air; for that was the abode of Crime, where deeds of darkness and mystery were accomplished. Here Folly redoubled her wild antics, and shook her bells almost furiously; but Henry, looking up a long, shadowy vista, saw a scaffold outlined on the sky, and something fearful dangling from it, and he turned and fled.

Breathless and weary, he paused, at length, to find his old friend, the dwarf, close beside him.

"Well met, my lad, well met," cried he, good naturedly, but still with that odd twinkle in his eye; "and now tell me what you have learned since I saw you last."

"I have learned," answered Henry, promptly, "that ignorance and idleness led to folly and crime."

"Good! and what else?"

"That air palaces are very shaky."

"Good again; Fancy ought to look better to her foundations. What else?"

"That I would like to go back to old Grandgrind's, if I could only find the way."

"So you don't like my school?" shouted the dwarf, with pretended displeasure.

"Your lessons are well meant, I presume," answered Henry, growing excited, "but, great Cæsar! I would rather bolt the old academy, Greek, Gradgrind, and all, than to be led another such a dance. Besides, I don't fancy graduating from the gallows."

"Well, well," said the little man, facetiously, "experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. He! he! he!"

And with that he gave Henry a playful little tap across the nose with his birchen switch. But it did hurt tremendously, and Henry opened his eyes and looked about him, to find that his grammar had tumbled down from its breezy perch and struck him in the face.

The last bell was ringing, and, seizing his books, he hastened away to his tasks, a wiser and a happier boy.—*Little Corporal.*

The Little Bird-Hunter.

"Now, mother," said Theodore, "I am ready for a big hunt! Just look at my gun, will you!"

It was a cross-gun,—which in boy language signifies a cross-bow,—with a stock whittled out of pine wood, a bow of hickory, a notch for holding the cord when it was drawn down for a shot, and a wooden button for a trigger to pull it off. The arrow—also of pine—fitted in a groove cut in the upper side of the stock.

"This is what you have been at work at these three days past, is it?" said Mrs. Coburn. "Now what do you expect to shoot?"

"A bear!" said Theodore, stoutly.

"A bear?" laughed his mother.

"Well, a mouse, then. Or a squirrel. But if I see one, I shall play it's a bear. And I shall creep along, creep along, just like an old hunter;" Theodore adjusted his arrow, and drew down the string, and called his dog, and went on tiptoe about the little old kitchen, as if expecting to come suddenly upon a huge shaggy monster behind the rocking-chair, which he imagined to be a mountain ledge or thicket; "then, the minute I see his head,—take aim,—bang!"

"There! you've done it now!" cried his mother; for the arrow, instead of piercing the bear's head, glanced from an arm of the rocking-chair and hit the face of the clock,—or rather, the glass over the face.

"Never mind; I didn't break it," said Theodore.

"Well, I guess the bears are safe from your shots!" laughed his mother, seeing the glass wasn't even cracked. "But go out of the house, if you can't shoot any straighter than that; I'm afraid you'll kill a fly!"

"Come, Hunter," said Theodore; "we will go down to the water, and may be we can get a crack at a wild goose."

Hunter was a little, short, fat puppy, of no particular breed, although Theodore called him—by a great stretch of imagination—a setter, when he talked of shooting birds, and a greyhound, when wild beasts were in question. His body wasn't much bigger than Mrs. Coburn's round black earthen teapot; and if you could fancy his head and ears the handle, why, then, his queer little stump of a tail bore a comical resemblance to the spout. The "water" was a marshy piece of ground behind the house; and the "wild goose" was—well, a robin or a sparrow.

In straw hat and shirt sleeves, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, and Hunter at his heels looking as if he wondered what his young master was going to do, Theodore went stepping cautiously through the coarse wet grass of the marsh side, and across the meadow, fancying himself a practised sportsman, ready for any game that might appear. Once he shot at a grass-finch that flew up; and again at a swallow that went skimming by, so graceful and so swift; then he lost his arrow firing at a blackbird, and was obliged to make another of a splinter from the nearest rail-fence.

At last he approached a sparrow fluttering in great distress of mind about a bush in which she had a nest full of young ones. To divert the hunter's attention from them, she flew away, and hopped along on the ground before him, and finally allowed him to come within a very few feet of her as she sat on a fallen bough.

"Now is my chance!" thought Theodore, as she chirped and fluttered, as if about to fly again. Away went the arrow; but instead of hitting the mother bird, it sailed harmlessly over her head and alighted in the bush where her young ones were hidden. Theodore ran to find it; and there he saw it lying across a twig a few inches above the precious nest.

"Ah! this is what she is making such a fuss about!" said he, as the poor little things, hearing the bush rustle, stretched up their necks and opened their mouths for the expected worm or insect, which the mother was to bring them. "I wouldn't hurt you for the world, pretty birds! I won't tell Bob Wainwright where this nest is, for he would rob it; and if I see the cat creeping this way, I'll shoot her! Come away, Hunter! let the mother go back to her nest. She'll find I have n't done it any harm!"

Theodore had another good chance to shoot the old bird, as he went from the spot. He drew his bow, and took aim, and thought, "Now I *could!*" But he didn't. "For *their* sakes, I wouldn't hurt a feather of you!" said he, watching her as she returned to find her little family all safe in the bush.

That night, when Theodore lay awake in his bed, thinking how he had spared the young birds, and how the mother was at that moment brooding them fondly under her wings, he felt a sweeter thrill of happiness than if he had shot a dozen sparrows.

This was but the beginning of his hunting. In after years he will hunt for other things—for advantages in life, for fortune and friends and honors; and he will find, perhaps, that the pleasant *hope of finding* is more, after all, than the *possession* of what he seeks. It will be well for him then, if he is always as ready as he is now to desist from sport when he finds that it cannot be pursued without injury to others.—*Our Young Folks.*

Wit and Humor.

BROKEN DOWN.

From Appleton's Journal.

Yes, that's him—that rusty feller,
With the played out umbreller.
You wouldn't take him for much, now, would you?
I reckon that's so. From his queer looks, why should you?
Well, you're out. That old chap
Carries under his cap
More learnin' and all sorts of knowledge—
Greek and such like—than many a college
Could brag of. He's been a'most everywhar,
He has, that old chap standin' thar.

He began as a doctor of laws—
Yes, sir, that's what it was—
In a fust-class high institootion down East thar,
Boston, or Hartford, or somewhar—at least thar
'S a story of that sort told
Round there by some old
Chums which knew him in them times. Just so!
He *had* a weakness—'twas liquor. You know,
Sir, how rum will pull a man down.
And the doctor—well, he lost his gown.

Had to get up right sudden and go,
And, I tell you the blow
Hurt him bad; felt ashamed like, he did, and broken,
And thought every little word that was spoken
Had him for a target. That's it!
Folks don't wait to be hit,
When sothin' inside makes 'em feel
They've done wrong. Pigs will squeal
Afore any one touches 'em, and some men
Are like pigs in that way. Oh, what then?

Well, then he started, cleared out—
Went right off without
Sayin' as much as good-by; and, of course, pooty soon
He wasn't thought of more'n the man in the moon.
That's how it is gen'rally;
Howsomever, you see
He turned up thar again in about twenty year,
Lookin' not quite like he's now, but still queer;
And all them twenty year he'd been stirrin'
Through parts that was mostly furrin.

It didn't seem like the old place;
Pooty much every face
Was cold and strange; so he left it agin
And come here, bucklin' right down to win.
Fust off, he started a school;
But the durned old fool
Had no balance—took to drinkin' once more like mad,
And the school busted. Yes, sir, tha twas mighty bad
For him. You see, folks didn't care to pay
A man that was boozy and tremblin' all day;

Busted to smash, sir; and then
That unfortinit Ben—
His name's Ben—Ben Blakeley—kept droppin right down,
Till he's come to be 'bout the miserablest thing in town;
That there doctor of laws,
Which at one time he was,
Ain't now wuth a bushel of shucks, and the whole thing come
From his lettin' hisself slide down from sherry to rum.
If he'd stuck to sherry, things might a' stood all right;
But he got down to rum, sir, and it's ruined him quite.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

◆

Fun in Indiana.

A number of young men, residents of Davies county, returned from a dance just before day, a short time ago, and thought it would be funny to make those whom they might meet perform a double shuffle or pigeon wing for their amusement. Accordingly they issued orders to two or three wayfarers, and saw them executed to their great delight. Just about daylight they met a horseman coming toward them and apprised him of the rule they had made, and refused to listen to him when he politely declined. The stranger dismounted with great apparant reluctance and tied his horse to the fence.

"Now boys," said he, "I want to furnish my own music;" and drawing a large revolver, pointed it at the head of one of the disciples of Terpsichore.

"Now, you rascals," said the traveler, "dance!"

The boys looked at each other in dismay, and then commenced. Heel and toe, double-scuffle, essence of old Virginia, break down, hornpipe, and every other variety of the Terpsichorean art known to the rustic jokers was performed for about an hour, when the grim equestrian mounted his horse and rode off, leaving the young jokers tired and covered with prespiration, dust and humiliation.

◆

A Troy paper published two articles on Wednesday, one of which was an opituary notice and the other a funny annecdote. The headings accidentally got changed, and when the paper appeared the editor was horrified to see the obituary notice headed "A Good Joke," while the funny annecdote was perfixed with the caption "A Sad Announcement."

◆

A gentleman was one day composing the music of a rondeau for a lady to whom he paid his addresses. "Pray, Miss B., " said he, "what time do you prefer?" "O!" she replied carelessly, "any time will do, but the quicker the better." The company smiled at the rejoinder, and the gentleman took her at word.

◆

A talkative person was telling a long story about the coach on which he was seated having been run away with, the coachman tumbled off, the horses at full gallop, etc.; as they flew, expecting momentary death, he observed a wagon on the road, and in his terror resolved, whether they came into collision or not, to leap into the more solid and steady vehicle. "You were determined to ride *full tilt*," observed a listening punster. "No," replied the story-teller, "it was to avoid a *turn I-ncout*."

A Public Tooth-Brush.

As the steamer Connecticut was passing Blackwell's Island, on her way from Norwich to New York, a gentleman might have been seen performing his ablutions in one of the marble basins in the forward part of the boat. While he was in the midst of his task, a tall and verdant specimen of the incipient Yankee traveler entered the apartment, and, after staring about a few moments to assure himself, commenced a conversation with his fellow passenger:

"I sa-ay yeou—kin anybody wash himself in this here cooky?"

"You have a perfect right to avail yourself of the accommodations of the boat. You can help yourself to the water."

"Yaas; but this here pumpkin-shell has got a hole in the bottom, and the darned fasset's knocked all askew."

The gentleman quietly placed the stopper in the right place, and "turned on" the water for our hero, who soon "made himself at home" pretty generally. The former, however, in a short time missed his tooth-brush, and on looking around, was astonished to perceive the Yankee applying it vigorously to his tobacco-stained ivory.

"My dear friend, you made a great mistake in using my tooth brush," said the gentleman.

"Your what?—your brush? You don't mean to say that this here's your tooth-brush?"

"I do, sir; but it is of no consequence now. You are welcome to the brush."

The Yankee looked puzzled at first, as if he suspected a trick, but at length he exclaimed:—

"Here, yeou, take your confounded thing-umbob! But I should like to know what the thunder has become of the tooth-brush that belongs to the boat!"

◆

Mr. Twombley's Mistake.

Mr. Thomas Twombley had drank but six glasses of brandy and water, when, being a man of discretion, he returned home at the seasonable hour of 1 A. M., and went to bed.

Mrs. Thomas Twombley was too well accustomed to the goings and comings of Mr. Thomas, to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made, on retiring; but when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove them, or keep his feet out of bed.

"My dear," said Mr. Twombley, in an apologetic tone, "skuse me! How I came to forget the boots, I can't conceive, for I'm jess's sobe' 's I ever was in my ife!"

Mr. Twombley sat on the side of his bed, and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful, but it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombley thought he saw the door open. As he was sure he shut the door on coming in, he was astonished; and, dark as it was in the room, he couldn't be mistaken, he felt certain.

Mr. Twombley staggered toward the door, to close it; when to his still greater surprise, he saw a figure approach from beyond. Twombley stopped; the figure stopped. Twombley advanced again, and the figure did the same. He raised his right hand; the figure raised its left.

"Who's there?" roared Twombley, beginning to be frightened.

The object made no reply.

Twombley raised his boot in a menacing attitude; the figure defied him by shaking a similar object.

"By the Lor!" cried Twombley, "I'll find out who you be, you sneakin' cuss!"

He hurled his boot at the head of the mysterious object, when—crash! went the big looking glass, which Twombley had mistaken for the door!

◆

"I Acknowledge the Corn."

This popular phrase, it seems, was first used in Congress, being a remark made by Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe, member of Congress from Kentucky. It was in acknowledgment of the deductions of an argument for protection made by Hon. Andrew Stewart, just elected to Congress from the Westmoreland district (Twenty first) of Pennsylvania.—Mr. Stewart was in Congress when Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were there, and advocated protection. Here recently made a speech, in which he referred to the fact. At the same time he related an incident which gives the origin of the well known phrase, "I acknowledge the corn," as follows:

In 1828—forty-two years ago—this subject (protection) was before Congress, and we were discussing it. I was trying to show to the farmers of the country that they were purchasing foreign agricultural productions in the form of goods, while they left their own produce at home without a market. I said Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky sent their haystacks, corn fields and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale.

Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, jumped up and said:

"Why that is abuse. Mr. Speaker I call the gentlemen to order. He is stating an absurdity. We never send haystacks or cornfields to New York or Philadelphia."

"Well," I said, "what do you send?"

"Why horses, mules, cattle and hogs."

"Well, what makes your horses, cattle, mules and hogs? You feed a hundred dollars worth of hay to a horse, you just animate and get upon the top of your haystack and ride it off to market.—(Laughter.) How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry fifty dollars' worth of hay and grass to the eastern market.

"Then I came to the hog question. Said I: "Mr. Wickliffe, you send a hog worth ten dollars to an eastern market; how much corn does it take at thirty-three cents per bushel to fatten it?"

"Why, thirty bushels."

"Then you put that thirty bushels of corn into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the eastern market."

Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said:—"Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the corn." (Laughter.)

◆

"Had 'em First."

Two years ago, a rivalry existed between two hotels in Massachusetts, both houses running free coaches. One of the proprietors had put every available vehicle on the road, among which was one in a most dilapidated condition, threatening dissolution with every bounce. This coach was driven to the depot, and having secured two passengers, the driver drove in triumph to the hotel, which he approached with a grand flourish of the whip and air of the greatest triumph. Calling upon a waiter to open the coach door to help out the passengers, the coach was found to be empty!

"Where the dickens are they?" said the proprietor, as he looked in with a glance of consternation.

"They dropped through the bottom up here about a mile," said a little fellow who had just then drove up, "and old Wattles, of the Horseshoe, picked 'em up and carried 'em home."

"Did he?" said the rival landlord; "well, by thunder, I knew I had 'em first—there's some consolation in that; the other house has to be content with my leavings."

◆

"Let us avoid that handsome woman coming up the street," said a physician to a friend; "she always looks so cross at me that I do not like to meet her." "Is there any reason for it doctor?" "Yes; I attended her husband once when he was low with a fever." "Ah, I see. It was one of your bad cases; you lost him." "On the contrary, I saved him, and that is what she has never forgiven me for—she would have made such a magnificent widow, and she knows it."

DRIED UP THE WRONG MAN.—The following is related of one of the brethren of a certain church, as having occurred a year or two since, but for obvious reasons not let out of the select circles where it has always been a source of fun. A gentleman who is much gifted with prayer, and likes to talk in Sunday School, and whom we will call B. "for short," attended an evening prayer and business meeting. While the bell was ringing to hasten up the laggards, B. "improved the opportunity" by addressing an eloquent petition to the throne of grace. Thinking the bell had been rung enough, another member said very imperiously to one of those small boys who are always around, in and out of season, "Go and tell that fellow to stop." A small boy never did understand anything as he was told to do it, and this particular small boy was not likely to stultify himself in that manner. Instead of going to the sexton and silencing "that dreadful bell," he threaded his way down the aisle, where B. was warming to his work, and in a loud, hissing voice, said: "Here, now,—says for you to dry up that!" Poor B. blushed a brilliant scarlet, cut off an earnest invocation in the middle of a sentence, and all the balance of the evening sulked in sullen silence. At the close of the meeting he demanded of the offending member an explanation, which was satisfactorily given, and the "unpleasantness" amicably settled.

◆

Not so Bad as an Adonis.

It is no sin not to be well up in the classics. 'Liakim Dutton was not. But he loved the American fair. In fact he loved two of them. Those two felt emotions of love toward 'Liakim. And they quarrelled about him like two Kilkenny pussies. Consequence was, all three were brought into court. 'Liakim being the cause of the trouble, was thus addressed by his Honor:

"And so those women were fighting about you?"

"I believe so, sir."

"You are a sort of Adonis, then?"

"Sir?" inquired 'Liakim, his eyes protruding, and a shade of pallor creeping into his face.

"You are an Adonis," the court repeated.

"Oh no, sir—never as bad as that; *but I've been in the penitentiary for stealing horses.*"

◆

Justice Thompson, who was the immediate predecessor of Judge Nelson, of New York, on the Supreme Bench, was prone to excessive libations. One morning, after a carouse, he was promptly at court, and before taking his seat, entered into lively conversation with some of the guests of the previous evening. One of these, fearing that the good judge might have "suffered from the accident of hospitality," (as Mr. Webster once quaintly observed) said to him:

"Well, Judge, I hope you are feeling well to-day."

"Yes, sir, thank you; quite well, sir. I have just taken a gin cocktail, sir, and it has acted like a *scire-facias*—it has *revived my judgment!*"

◆

The comment of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is inimitable for its point as well as elegance: "I've known many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough, but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it gave to much. Dey don't die dat way. Bredern, has any of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you do, just let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to that church and I'll climb, by de soft light of de moon, up de moss covered roof; and I'll stand dar, and lift my hands to heaven and say, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in the Lord!'"

◆

"Look here, 'Squire, where was yeou born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five minutes' acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "In Boston, Tremont street, No. 43, left hand side, on the 1st day of August, 1810, at five o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin." Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was struck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said: "Yaas; wa'al, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"

◆

A fruit grower over in Jersey being much annoyed by depredators, obtained a human leg from a hospital in Philadelphia, and putting it in a large steel trap in his grapery, began to make inquiries in a disturbed and melancholy manner for the owner of the limb. The neighbors flocked in to see it; the cunning fruit-grower was berated for his cruelty; reports were circulated that the "horrid wretch" had filled his grounds with traps, and his fruit was no more stolen.

◆

A lady inscribed on a pane of glass in one of the windows of a hotel parlor in Washington, "Mr. ——," naming a certain member of Congress, "has the softest lips that ever pressed those of beauty." A newspaper correspondent coming into the room soon after, and seeing the declaration, wrote underneath:

"Then as like as two chips,
Are his head and his lips."

◆

A man dying greatly in debt, "Farewell," said one of his creditors, "there is so much of mine gone with him." "And he carried so much of mine," said another. A person hearing them make their several complaints, said, "Well, I see now, that though a man can carry *nothing of his own* out of the world, yet he may carry *a great deal of other men's*."

◆

SAGACITY OF A MAD DOG.—A member of the New York Common Council recently said to his colleagues, "I have been very lucky this morning; a mad dog passed between my legs without biting me." "That is not surprising," replied a member. "It was because he knew who you were, and that it would be sure death to *him* to bite *you*."

◆

There is a man in Decorah, Iowa, so penurious, that when shelling corn, a kernel flew into a wood pile, and he removed several cords of wood to find it. A neighbor, standing near, dropped a kernel near where the searcher was looking, but when he found it he said: "You can't fool me with that small kernel; the one I lost was a large one."

◆

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Earl, "and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature who deserves to be laughed at."

◆

THE FORGETFUL MAN.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf;
No wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so? you see he has forgot himself.

◆

EPITAPH.

Life is an inn, where all men bait;
The waiter Time, the landlord Fate;
Death is the score by all men due;
I've paid my shot, and so must you.

◆

INTUITIVE AFFECTION.—"There are three things," said a wit, "which I have always loved without ever understanding them: painting, music and woman."

◆

A bankrupt says it is a great aggravation when you are out on a pleasure ride to meet your most pressing creditor driving a pair of *dun* ponies.

◆

WHAT is the difference between a patriot and a politician? The politician bleeds his country and the patriot bleeds for his country.

We find in an exchange a poem called the "Song of the Farmer's Boy," beginning "Ho, brothers, ho!" Nothing could be more appropriate if the farmer sticks to his vocation, but there be farmer boys we wot of who go to the city, whose song after a little while might read "Rrke, brothers, rake!" and be very appropriate. After a while they sow their wild oats, cultivate the affections of some budding beauty—get silken tied to her—and then the song is, "Cradle, brothers, cradle!"

◆

The following curious advertisement is in an Arkansas paper: "Whereas, I, Danield Clay, through misrepresentation, was induced to post my wife Rhoda in the papers, now I beg leave to inform the public that I have again taken her to wife, after settling all our domestic broils in an amicable manner, and that everything as usual goes on like clockwork.

◆

A corn-doctor—we beg his pardon, we should have said "chiropodist"—travels through Ohio in a wagon constructed in the shape of a human foot, and painted flesh tint. The toes present *fac similes* of corns and bunions. Another foolish plan to cheat newspapers out of advertising.

◆

At a christening, while the minister was making his certificate, he inquired the day of the month, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is the 30th."—"The thirtieth," exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, but its only the thirteenth."

◆

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "Oh, yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."

"Words and Their Uses."

From Richard Grant Whites new volume, bearing the above title, we quote a few paragraphs, showing a nice sense of discrimination founded on practical views of the subject:

AGGRAVATE.—This word should never be employed in reference to persons, as a means merely to add weight to—to make an evil more oppressive; injury is aggravated by insult. It is sometimes improperly used in the sense of *irritate*, as "I was much aggravated by his conduct."

BALANCE in the sense of rest, remainder, residue, remnant, is an abomination. Balance is metaphorically the difference between two sides of an account—the amount which is necessary to make one equal to the other. * * * Yet we constantly hear of the balance of this or that thing, even the balance of a congregation or of an army!

BOUNTIFUL, is applicable only to persons. A giver may be bountiful, but his gift cannot—it should be called plentiful or large. "A bountiful slice" is absurd.

FETCH expresses a double motion—first from and then toward the speaker; it is exactly equivalent "*go and* bring," and ought not to be used in the sense of bring alone.

CALCULATE, besides its sectional misuse for *think* or *suppose*, is sometimes, in the participal form calculated, put for *likely* or *apt*: "That nomination is calculated to injure the party." It is *calculated* (designed) to do no such thing, it may be likely to.

CITIZEN should not be used except when the possession of political rights is meant to be implied. Newspaper reporters have a bad habit of bringing it out on all occasions, when "person," "man" or "bystander" would express their meaning much better.

COUPLE applies to two things which are bound together or united in some way. "A couple of apples" is incorrect—two apples is what is meant.

DIRT means filth, and is not synonymous with earth or soil. Yet people sometimes speak of a dirt road or of packing dirt around the roots of trees they are setting. They mean earth.

EXECUTE—When a murderer is hanged his *sentence* is executed, the *man* is not. A man cannot be executed—that is, followed out or performed.

EXPECT looks always to the future. You cannot expect that anything has happened or *is* happening, but only that it will happen.

GET means to obtain, not to possess. "He has *got* all the numbers of the *Country Gentleman*;" "Have you *got* good molasses?" "They have *got* bad manners." Why will people persist in introducing the word in such sentences as these, where it is so evidently superfluous.

HELP MEET.—All absurd use of these two words, as if they together were the name of one thing—a wife—is too common. The sentence in Genesis is: "I will make him an help meet for him"—*i. e.*, a help *fit* for him. There is no such word as helpmeet.

LIE—LAY—Persons not grossly ignorant sometimes say they will lay (meaning lie) down, that they have laid (lain) an hour, or that the hammer is laying (lying) by the tacks. Lie means to recline; its past tense is lay—"I lay there all that night;" Its participles, lying and lain. Lay (used of pesent time) means to put something down—one lays a carpet; its past is *laid*—"I laid it myself;" its participles, *laying* and *laid*—"I was interrupted while laying it, and it was not all laid till night."

SIT, often mispronounced *set*, is occasionally written so, but, it is to be hoped rarely.

LOVE rules the heart, not the stomach. Yes *love* your wife, or ought to; but favorite articles of food you *like*.

OBSERVE should not be used for *say*, as in the oft heard instance, "What did you *observe*?"

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Farm and House.

ON THE LOAD OF HAY.

Some one stole my heart away,
Riding on a load of hay;
I looked up, and he looked down,
Handsome, sunburnt Johnny Brown.
"Have a lift?" said he to me,
While his eyes danced merrily;
"Yes, I thank you, sir!" said I,
Nowise bashful in reply.

Side by side we rode away,
Sitting on the fragrant hay;
Johnny said, "It's pleasant weather,"
Then we blushed and laughed together.
Johnny whispered then: said he,
"Will you ride again with me?"
What I said I shall not tell,
But Johnny liked my answer well.

Stock Need Best Care Now.

We believe, as a rule, stock receive the shabbiest treatment of the year during the late fall and early winter. And this is the very period when they should have the best care. Every farmer knows that it is "half the battle" to bring his stock to steady foddering in good condition. If a flock of sheep comes to the barn in December, pinched and scrawny, it will leave the barn in the spring thinned in numbers, with wool loose and ready to be pulled off by the first bramble it touches, and thus depreciated more than the cost of its wintering. If the cows come to the stable and foddering, pinched and thin, by reason of frost-bitten pastures and heavy milking, the owner need not be surprised if half of them lose their calves or their lives during the winter. In fact, may not the treatment of cows during the late fall and early winter, be one of the chief causes of the growing frequency of abortion in dairy districts? The dairyman is anxious to make his cows pay him all they will. He has a good excuse for being greedy, we admit. Even the consumers of butter and cheese, who are accustomed to complain so loudly of the high prices of these articles, must acknowledge it, too, after reading the exhibit of their cost, made at their last meeting of the Central New York Farmers' Club. Yes, the dairyman is in no danger of getting suddenly rich, even if successful in getting the largest possible yield from his cows. But many of the devices that he resorts to for the purpose of compassing that end are crying examples of mistaken economy. They are suggested by his greed rather than his good sense, and result too frequently, as measures adopted by greed generally do, in killing the hen that lays the golden egg. He thinks there is no need of foddering his cows until the pastures are covered with snow, and the shivering animals stand about the barn lowing. As long as they will roam over the pastures picking at the frozen and innutritious tufts of grass, he thinks they are doing well enough. They shrink in their mess badly, but he feeds them apples or pumpkins, or leaves from his root crops, and they regain their usual flow of milk. Now they are certainly well enough. But he forgets that he is burning the candle at both ends; that he is trying to "eat his cake and keep it, too," though he is temporarily succeeding. When he comes to stable his cows for the winter they are lean and weak. Pretty soon, some of them begin to abort. He thinks they need heartier food. He gives them a little meal, in addition to his best hay—for he is now fed out all the "odds and ends," the poor corn fodder and the worse straw. But this sudden change in the diet only aggravates the difficulty. It makes his cows feverish but not healthy and strong. Still more abort; or, if they escape this, and drop their calves alive, they fall victims to milk fever, black-leg, pleuro-pneumonia or some other of the many ills that badly treated cows become heirs to. He is perplexed, he can see no reason why his herd should be so afflicted; and he very philosophically concludes it is his "luck." When there is no luck about it; only carelessness and "mistaken economy."

Of course, we do not mean to assert that cows, with the best of care, will escape all diseases and mishaps, nor do we wish to put forth the theory that abortion is attributable only to improper feeding in the fall, or at any other time. But we do believe and assert that every farmer loses ten times as much as he gains by scrimping his cows during the last of the fall and the first of the winter, or by leaving them to shift for themselves. As soon as the cold rains of November come on, they should be stabled every night and given a light foddering of good hay or cornstalks every morning. Never should they be allowed to sleep out after snow begins falling, or left to the pickings of frozen pastures. Cabbage leaves, leaves of root crops, apples and pumpkins may be profitably fed, if other food is also given to sustain and build up the muscular system. But milk secreting food, when given in excess, weakens the animal and often causes her serious injury.

Don't be Humbugged.

Under this caption permit the writer to give your readers a few friendly hints in regard to being humbugged. The farmer, especially, is constantly annoyed with peddlers of various kinds. I have been humbugged by this class of persons myself until I have almost got my eyes opened. As I wish to strike at several of the different classes of humbuggers, I will pounce upon the fruit-tree peddler first. He comes to you with a very glib and oily tongue, representing an eastern nursery, stating that he has such beautiful trees of such an age, and will warrant them such and so, and oh, such delicious flavor is the fruit. You purchase a few trees in order to get rid of him. Your trees are a long time on the road coming. You receive them, find they are not so nice as you looked for. You plant them out, one-half dies from being dug up so long, and the others are not the kind of fruit you purchased. We all have nurseries at no great distance from us, and my advice to those wanting fruit trees, is to go to the nurseries, or where they are on sale and make your own selection. I find as good a selection at our own nurseries as they have in the east. Another class of peddlers is the sewing machine peddler. They come with the best machine, of course; representing their machine as doing the greatest amount of different kinds of work in a given time. Don't believe it unless you know it to be a fact. Another class of humbugs is some of the breeders of improved stock and fancy fowls. Look out for them too. I know a farmer who sent $10 to Pennsylvania for a pair of white geese. He kept them two years, and sold the two white *ganders* for 80 cents. Now, gentle readers, do not understand me as saying there are no honest peddlers nor breeders of fine stock, for, on the contrary, there are numbers of them, those that will do to deal with. Look out for patent right venders, or you will be humbugged in that line. Some patents are worthless. Look out for catch-penny and quack doctor's advertisements, as your money is the object. I could enumerate other modes of humbuggery, but this shall suffice for this time.

EIGHTY ACRES.

On Pruning Apple and Peach Trees.

The importance of giving more attention to the pruning of orchard trees, has been forcibly impressed on the minds of the majority of our fruit growers, by the abundant crops of apples and peaches in this section the past season. Those who had any part in gathering and marketing the fruit, could not fail to notice the superiority of the product of trees that had been well pruned and cared for, as compared with the thick-topped and neglected trees, which compose the greater part of the orchards in most parts of the country. Then, too, the amount of labor and the wear and tear of clothing and temper in picking the fruit, is in much the proportion.

It can be easily understood, therefore, that two objects are to be had in view in the operation of pruning—first the improvement of the fruit by the free admission of light and air to all the foliage; and second, the improvement of the trees so as to facilitate the work of gathering the fruit. Fortunately both these objects are generally gained by the same operation. Those who have had experience in gathering orchard fruits should thereby be well qualified to do the pruning; and now, while the recollections are fresh upon the mind, is a good time to set about the work, for it can be done advantageously at any time while the leaves are off the trees, and many farmers have more time for such work in the early part of winter than towards Spring.

Pruning of peach trees is, it possible, more important than of apples, and is quite as badly neglected. The peach fruit is borne only on the shoots of the previous season's growth, and unless the production of young shoots is secured by the healthy growth of the tree, good fruit cannot be expected. In order to secure a more plentiful growth of young wood it is advisable to cut off occasionally a portion of the tops of peach trees of bearing age, especially when their growth seems to be checked, and after bearing a full crop of fruit. This is called "heading them off," and consists in cutting on all the limbs or branches at from one third to one-half or more of the tops. This will cause them to throw out new shoots and form new heads, with better foliage and finer fruit—especially if in the spring a dressing of ashes or manure is applied to the land, and fair culture bestowed.

Pruning of peach trees is usually deferred until spring, so as to give opportunity to observe the effect of the winter upon the fruit buds, as severe pruning is given when there is little or no prospect of fruit.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A New Horse Disease.

The Knoxville, Tenn., *Press* of the 8th inst., says: "The owners of horses in Knoxville are excited over the appearance of a new and strange disease among the equines, the first case of which terminated fatally on Saturday last. The disease appears to be contagious and singularly swift in its fatal work. Gen. J. A. Mabry has lost three valuable animals since Saturday, the last one dying on Tuesday night. Col. Armstrong lost two of his horses, one on Sunday and the other on Monday last.

When the horses were first sick they were nearly blind, the eyes badly swollen and the horses unable to move. Every remedy was applied that the most experienced in diseases of the horse could suggest, but all failed to check the progress of the disease. The heads of the animals only seemed to be affected, although the animals were so weak as to be unable to move. Twenty four hours after being attacked the animals died."

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—In the recent work of Dio Lewis, he gives an account of one week in which the sum total expended for his food was 51½ cents. Two days out of the seven he indulged in a brief stew, the meat for which each time cost exactly two cents, and he says "there was really enough for two of us!" As for the other days, the *carte* for a couple of them will give an idea of all: Sunday breakfast, hulled Southern corn with a little milk. My breakfast cost three cents. I took exactly the same thing for dinner. Food for the day, six cents. I never take any supper. Tuesday breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with half a cent's worth of vinegar. For dinner, one quart of rich bean porridge worth one cent, with four slices of coarse bread, worth two cents. Food for Tuesday, five and a half cents. In conclusion, Dr. Lewis remarks: "Of course I don't pretend that every one can live in this luxurious way. It isn't everybody that can afford it, I could have lived just as well, so far as health and strength are concerned, on half the money. Besides, on three days I ate too much altogether, and suffered from thirst and dullness. But then I may plead that my habits are very active. Not only have written 40 odd pages of this book during the week, but I have done a large amount of hard muscular labor."

Household Recipes.

INFORMATION FOR BREAD-MAKERS.—Rice flour added to wheat flour, enables it to take up an increased quantity of water. Boiled and mashed potatoes mixed with the dough, causes the bread to retain moisture, and prevents it from drying and crumbling. Rye makes a dark-colored bread; but it is capable of being fermented and raised in the same manner as wheat. It retains its freshness and moisture longer than wheat. An admixture of rye flour with that of wheat decidedly improves the latter in this respect. Indian corn bread is much used in this country. Mixed with wheat and rye, a dough is produced capable of fermentation; but pure maize meal cannot be fermented so as to form a light bread. Its gluten lacks the tenacious quality necessary to produce the regular cell structure. It is most commonly used in the form of cakes made to a certain degree light by eggs or sour milk, and saleratus, and is generally eaten warm. Indian corn is ground into meal of various degrees of coarseness, but is never made so fine as wheaten flour. Bread or cakes from maize require a considerable longer time to be acted upon by the heat in the baking process, than wheat or rye. If ground wheat be unbolted, that is, if its bran be not separated, wheat meal or Graham flour results, from which Graham or dyspepsia bread is produced. It is made in the same general way as other wheaten bread, but requires a little peculiar management. Upon this point Mr. Graham remarks: "The wheat meal, and especially if it is ground coarsely, swells considerably in the dough, and therefore the dough should not at first be made quite so stiff as that of superfine flour; and when it is raised, if it is found too soft to mould well, a little more meal may be added. It should be remarked that dough made of wheat meal will take on the acetous fermentation, or become sour sooner than that made of fine flour. It requires a hotter oven, and to be baked longer, but must not stand so long after being mixed before baking, as that made from flour."

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, four eggs, one cup sour cream, two teaspoonfuls saleratus, one teaspoonful cream tartar.

TEA CAKE.—One quart flour, one pint sour cream, one teaspoonful saleratus, two cups molasses, a little cinnamon and salt; make a stiff past and bake in a moderate oven.

CUP CAKE.—Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups flour, and four eggs, also, a teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg and rosewater.

RICH PUDDING.—Put into a saucepan four ounces of fresh butter, six ounces of pounded loaf sugar, six of marmalade, six ounces of eggs, beaten; stir all one way until it is thoroughly warmed. Bake in a dish with puff paste.

RICE PUDDING, WITHOUT EGGS.—Take six ounces of rice, six brown sugar, and three and a half ounces butter; break the butter into small bits; wash the rice in several waters; put all into a pudding dish, and fill up with good milk; let it soak some hours. Bake in a moderate oven nearly two hours, and as the milk wastes, fill up the dish with more, until the rice is swelled and soft. Then let it brown.

RICE PUDDING.—Boil a quarter pound of rice in water till it is soft; then drain it off and pound in a mortar; add five eggs, a quarter pound of butter, the same quantity of sugar, a small nutmeg, and a little grated lemon rind; work well together for twenty minutes and add one pound of currents, then boil in a cloth for an hour and a half. Serve with wine sauce.

SUET PUDDING.—Mix six tablespoonfuls of grated bread with a pound of finely minced fresh beef suet, or that of a loin of mutton, one pound flour, two teaspoonfuls salt, six well beaten eggs, and nearly a pint of milk. Boil in a cloth four or five hours. Serve plain, or with a sweet sauce.

FOR YEAST.—When I do not wish to make a great deal, I pare and grate two good-sized potatoes, stir in one tablespoonful of flour and one of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger and one of salt, add one pint of boiling water, when cool enough not to scald, add one cup of yeast and set it in a warm place to rise.

For raised cake I take four cups of light dough, two of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, one teaspoon of soda, half a pound raisins, one nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon. This will make two good-sized cakes. Let it get light and bake for half an hour.

LEMON PIE WITHOUT LEMON.—Half a teaspoonfull tartaric acid dissolved in half a cup of cold water, half a teaspoon of lemon extract, one cup of sugar, yolk of an egg, one soda cracker—stir the egg and sponge together and mix with the acid and water, then the extract, then add the crackers, put into a crust as for a custard-pie; while it is baking beat the white stuff, stir in a spoonfull of white sugar, and pour it over your pie and set it back in the oven until it is a delicate brown. To be eaten cold.

Agricultural Report.

The report of the Department of Agriculture up to December says, a combination of the elements of average and condition in the October report, without allowing for possible drawbacks from weather, pointed to a "cotton crop exceeding 3,500,000 bales." None of the contingencies so liable to reduce production have occurred since that date to vitiate a favorable comparison with the remarkably favorable season of 1869, and as the early summer was more propitious than that of last year, the November returns indicate eighteen per cent. advance in quality, upon an averaged increase by twelve per cent.

The total aggregate result as assigned from returns to December 1 makes an estimate of 3,800,000 commercial bales, 1,767,000,000 pounds, or 82 per cent. of the crop of 1859, which was 2,154,870,800 pounds.

The following statement presents the estimate in detail, including percentage of increase of previous crop and yield per acre, with the number of acres cultivated in each State:

North Carolina.—Number of acres, 451,714; number of bales, 170,000; product compared with 1869, per cent., 1.18; yield per acre, 170.

South Carolina.—Number of acres, 601,764; number of bales, 220,000; product compared with 1869, per cent., 1.04; yield per acre, 170.

Georgia.—Number of acres, 1,330,491; number of bales, 495,000; product compared with 1869, per cent., 1.77; yield per acre, 173.

Florida.—Number of acres, 140,909; number of bales, 50,000; product compared with 1869, per cent., 1.26; yield per acre, 16.

Alabama.—Number of acres, 1,937,772; number of bales, 370,000; product compared with 1869, per cent., 1.19; yield per acre, 165.

Mississippi.—Number of acres, 1,644,512; number of bales, 725,000; product compared with 1869, 110 per cent., yield per acre, 205.

Arkansas.—Number of acres, 711,734; number of bales, 375,000; product compared with 1869, 124 per cent; yield per acre, 190.

Other States.—Number of acres, 218,823; number of bales, 80,000; product compared with 1869, — per cent.; yield per acre, 170.

Louisiana.—Number of acres, 970,700; number of bales, 495,000; product compared with 1869, 115 per cent.; yield per acre, 250.

Texas.—Number of acres, 900,997; number of bales, 465,000; product compared with 1869, 132 per cent; yield per acre, 240.

The increase in sugar-cane over last year is estimated at thirty per cent. in Louisiana. A similar rate is returned for Texas, and some advance has been made in Georgia and Florida. So much cane is annually used as plant cane, in extending the acreage, that the product of sugar and molasses does not represent the real increase in cane-growing.

Woman's Work, Woman's Wages, Etc.

By Gail Hamilton.

When women have once become thoroughly possessed with the importance of keeping their word, the next step toward improving their condition is to improve the quality of their work. Of all the evils which womankind endure, the part which law can cause or cure is infinitesimal compared with that which is caused by their own inefficiency. I think it is not much to say that good work *always* brings good price. There is always room high up. No matter whether it be serving, or cooking, or writing, or painting, real service is always in demand. But women, like men, must do the work which the world wants done, and not simply the work which they want to do. It is not more certain that two and two make four than that she who can do well what people wish to have done will always find employment. One reason why women's work is so little sought and so poorly paid is that it is so good-for-nothing. I am, at this moment, so far from joining in the general outcry concerning the low wages of women, that it seems to me in a large majority of cases women are overpaid. They receive more money than they fairly earn. The raw, rough, unskilled, untidy Irish servant in a New England kitchen is paid three dollars a week for diffusing discomfort through the house. A boy leaves a high school, well educated, well mannered, eager to learn, to become useful, to please his employers, and goes into the wholesale store, pays his own board, finds his own clothes, receives little or nothing in wages, but is too thankful to be admitted to the house and give his services for the sake of learning the art of trade. Where will you ever find a woman, ever so ignorant, who is willing to give a single month's time to learning the arts of cooking or the ways of her employers? Ten to one she does not care to learn either. She is concerned only to get through the day after any fashion whatever, and receive her wages. Will anyone venture to say the New England house servant is underpaid?

This, indeed, seems to run against what has before been said—that good work is necessary to good pay. But it only shows that in our country the demand for work is so great that even poor work receives good pay, and it makes still more unreasonable the clamor against the low wages of women.—*Independent.*

Marshal Bazaine married a beautiful but poor young lady while he was with Maximilian in Mexico. She was a Mexican lady, and her name was Josefa Pena.

Seventy-five bushels of apples were sold at auction at Grafton, Vt., a few days ago, and brought only one cent a bushel, the market is so largely overstocked.

John Lohr, of Lafayette, Ind., offers to build a $25,000 opera house if the citizens will give him $10,000.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

NEW YORK, December 28.—Every fresh detail confirms the culpability of the officers in overloading the steamer Nick Wall, which snagged last week in the Mississippi river. It seems that when the steamer reached Memphis she was laden beyond her capacity, but the officers controlling her consented to an addition of 60 deck passengers with their freight and luggage. As a consequence the boat was managed with the greatest difficulty and several times narrowly escaped disaster before she ran on the snag which sunk her. So heavily was the boat laden and so conscious were the officers of her danger, that whenever another boat approached, the Wall remained motionless, so that return waves might not jar the vessel too much. At about 8 o'clock in the evening the vessel ran on the snag, and in a few minutes thereafter, sunk, drowning at least 100 people and seriously injuring a large number of others. Very many who might have been saved, leaped from the deck in frightful uncertainty of the shock.

A newspaper correspondent has had an interview at Bordeaux with Count De Chandourdy, Minister and delegate for foreign affairs, whom he describes as grave and reserved, but a free talker. In reply to the inquiry of the correspondent, the Minister thus gives his views in regard to the chances of peace: At present peace seems to be distant; and, lamentable as this war is, peace on dishonorable terms would be unadvisable. It would change France into a third-rate power. Prussia made a great mistake in not concluding peace with Favre at Ferriners. The civilized world will condemn her for refusing to propose terms which might then have been arraigned in such a manner that would have been honorable to Prussia without being humiliating to France, not only might guarantee against future attacks by France upon Germany have been exacted, but feeling and revenge is now sure to prevail, and in the future might have been changed to esteem. All that now is impossible. No ministry to the Constituent Assembly or Government could for a moment treat for peace under the conditions now imposed by the Prussian government. Although there is hardly a man in France but laments war. Yet there is scarcely one willing to allow the government to give up the territory. Rich and poor write in opinion that the only thing left is to fight out the war. It in so doing France is financially ruined, and there will be less for Prussia to take. The Minister told your correspodent he had great hopes that Prussia would be driven out of France before long. The present government he said, is not fighting with obstinacy for political motives, but really with a fair chance of obtaining an honorable peace. Paris is able to hold out for a considerable time. The whole nation is armed, or arming. Two months ago, it was difficult to inspire the people with courage, but now the government is obliged to restrain and direct rather than to excite patriotism. We need arms and artillery, it is true, but these are coming in from every direction. We have offers of more than we want from England alone. Happily, all political parties are practically determined to allow the present government to do their best for the national defence, and have patience to wait. They do not raise revolutionary cries because events do not move quickly.

Chandourdy does not think the defeat of the army of the Loire seriously altered the complexion of affairs. It is much lamented, but it is not to be expected that raw troops will prove victorious on all occasions. Moreover the troops of the army of the Loire gained confidence and invaluable experience to prepare them for better things.

The Count then spoke of the present status of England, which he does not think has elevated herself in the scale of nations in her recent action on the continental manners. She is now committing the same mistake that France committed in 1866, in order to have her neighbor chastised. She has allowed her to be humiliated beyond endurance and even allowed her territory to be violated. The correspondent asked, but can England afford war? Chaudourdy replied that there are other means which besides drawing the sword by which great power like England can make her influence felt. Those means she neglected to use, and she now finds herself insulted by Russia. The delays in the meeting of the proposed congress only gives Russia time to make her preparations surer. In the coming spring prompt action would have been England's true policy, and with Austria ready to join her, the moral and material support of England would clear France of invaders in a fortnight and show the rest of Europe that there is a limit which the most powerful armies must not pass. Such an alliance would be approved by the civilized world, for it would prove that it was not an alliance of conquest. At first France was to blame for seeking a quarrel and making an aggressive war, although the people were not responsible for that. But now that Prussia has rejected an honorable and lasting peace, and the sentiment of the world undergone changes. France is now struggling for existence, and if she is crushed England will feel the loss more than any country. England cannot dream of the consequences if she permits France to be exterminated. Russia will then do what she pleases in the East, and Prussia in the West, and England, without a single ally, will cease to belong to the family of European nations, and be reduced to a third class power. The Minister Delegate then spoke in terms of deep indignation of the ingratitude of Italy, and intimated that a day of reckoning would surely come for that cowardly nation. He closed by stating that the new levies in the south and the southeast were proceeding with success beyond expectation.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—A dispatch from Versailles, dated the 23d, says: A scheme to assassinate the King of Prussia, Von Moltke and Bismarck, was discovered here four days ago. A number of strangers were arrested in the city on Wednesday, when the gates were closed and the citizens ordered to remain in their houses under pain of death. Patroles then searched every place and arrested 200 persons, of whom 70 were armed with pistols and guns.

Domestic News.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—Dr. Stillman Spooner, of Oneida, N. Y., has been struck from the list of examining pension surgeons by Commissioner H. Van Aernam, on the ground that all examining surgeons for the bureau should belong to one school and adopt but one theory of medicine, and that he did not belong to the school of medicine recognized by the department. Dr. Spooner protests, in a long letter to the Commissioner, against the insult thus offered a large and influential body of homeopathic practitioners in the United States.

CONCORD, N. H., December 27.—The Labor Reform Party of New Hampshire held a State Convention here to-day, and nominated Samuel P. Cooper of Croydon for governor. Resolutions embodying the well-known political aims of the party, were adopted. Also supplementary resolutions approving the course Senators Sumner, Schurz and Trumbull have taken on the Dominican question.

Geo. Roberts, of Rochester, has been re-nominated Railroad Commissioner.

The following Congressional nominations were made: First District—Ellery A. Hibbard, of Laconia; Second District—W. H. Gore, of Weare; Third District—E. D. Baker, of Claremont.

ATLANTA, Dec. 27.—The Radicals concede Georgia as having gone Democratic by from 35,000 to 40,000. Thus far only two Radical Senators have been elected. They are both colored men.

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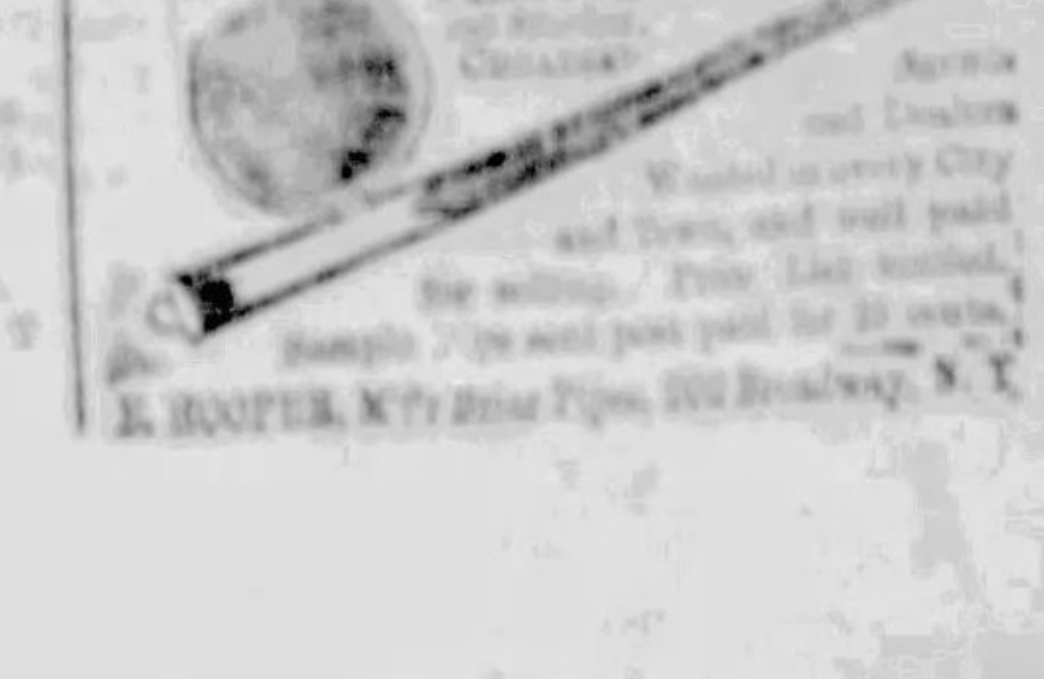

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Miscellany.

Chinese Servants in New Jersey.

Mr. Robert Beattie, the celebrated woolen manufacturer of Little Falls, who has had much trouble with his domestics, procured two Chinese for house servants. The Patterson *Press* says:

Formerly he employed two "girls" to do the household work, and then the ladies of his family had to do half the work themselves, or it would go undone. On washing days a third woman had to be employed, and even then his family had to do all the cooking. Three weeks ago a domestic revolution was inaugurated in his household. Two young Chinamen were introduced instead of the girls. The men went quietly but steadily about their work, never needing to be shown but once how to do a thing, and never forgetting to do what was to be done, and gradually they took upon their own shoulders all the house-work, leaving the family nothing of the kind to do.

On washing-days they rise early enough to begin work at five o'clock, and get through by three in the afternoon, doing their work most thoroughly, and at the same time doing all the other household work; the next day they iron, and all their laundry operations are in the very best style, that being, in fact, their "best holt." Notwithstanding all this, these heathens are inclined to complain that they haven't enough to do, and they want to bake for the family besides! Their cooking is excellent, and very clean; they always prepare the materials for breakfast over night. They do all their work with a perfect system, having a certain time for everything, and are believed to be thoroughly honest. These men are about eighteen years old, and dress in a sort of "composite order" of costume, but their hair is arranged in strictly Chinese fashion, with a long tail pendant.

They do not live on rats, nor do they use chop-sticks, nor have they manifested any peculiar predilection for rice, but they eat the same food as other people about them. Only one of them readily understands English, and he speaks it but little. They do not practice any heathen customs, at least not openly. These two men were hired, with three others, some weeks ago, at San Francisco, by Mr. Robert Beattie, jr., who was out there for his health. He treated directly with the men themselves, and hired them for three years (they would not contract for longer than five years), for $16 per month, gold. He also paid their traveling expenses to Little Falls, which will make their labor cost an average of $18 per month, gold, during the three years of their service.

Female domestic servants cost $14 per month in the country, so that these men cost, in currency, about fifty per cent. more than women. But the advantage of employing the Chinese lies in their superior steadiness and industry; that is all. So long as Biddy can live on $12 or $14 per month, so long need she fear no "heathen Chinee," provided she does her work anything like as well. The other three Chinese sent on by Mr. Beattie were sent to Captain Hervey, of Belleville, who was very glad to have that addition to his already large gang.

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The Monkey's Hatred of Celestials.

[From the San Francisco Bulletin.]

In their mental powers or intelligence, monkeys are thought inferior to the dog, the elephant and the horse, although natural facility of imitating human action has obtained for them the credit of approaching nearly to human comprehension. In corroboration of the imitative ability of the animal, we can cite an amusing instance of his antipathy to the Chinese race, which occurred in the northern part of the city. A respectable and well known citizen has long been the possessor of a monkey—an incessantly active fellow overflowing with mischief.

Tolerating the monkey in remembrance of a friend who captured him, rather than for any personal regard, the gentleman has allowed the animal the largest liberty compatible with domestication. Hence Jack has learned many of the barbarisms of civilization peculiar to the unimproved class of Caucasians. Among other traits he has manifested an intense hatred of Celestials, and availed himself of every opportunity to swing to and fro on their queus.

Yesterday morning one of the inmates of a Chinese wash-house, adjacent to Jack's domicil, amused himself by punching the animal with a long stick, and appeared highly delighted at Jack's rage. Other Celestials came out of the house and gathered near the fence to enjoy the sport.

Judging from the babel of tongues and shouts of approbation, they voted it capital fun—this stirring up a monkey. Jack was confined to a little house by a small chain, and his tormentors counted upon his inability to reach them. Under ordinary circumstances their calculations would have been correct, but the inducements proffered for him to break the chain, proved irresistable. With a quick spring he snapped the chain; then dashed over the fence with an almost human cry and attacked, not the Celestials, but their clothes line. Linens, laces, handkerchiefs, anything he seized, was quickly rent in twain. The Chinamen, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, ran into the house at first, but finally rallied in force and drove Jack away.

In response to the interrogation of the owner of the owner of Jack as to how they liked the monkey, one of the Celestials replied with a dubious shake of the head, "him no muchee sabee!"

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Changing His Identity.

An amusing incident is related to have occurred on the steamer Dexter, on her last trip down the river. Just below Vicksburg, a family got on board, en route to Texas. During the afternoon the *pater familias* concluded he would enjoy the luxury of a good shave, shampooing, &c., and for this purpose applied to the tonsorial artist of the steamer. The luxury was speedily supplied him; and, at his request, hair, eye-brows and whiskers were converted from a fiery red to raven blackness by the use of the artist's dye. The traveler was hugely pleased at the idea of surprising his wife at the transformation, and hurried to demand the price. Imagine his indignation when he was called upon to forfeit $10. He swore he would never pay it, and hurried to his state-room to buckle on his *defensive* armor. But he was met at the door by his spouse, outraged at the intrusion of a stranger, as she supposed, and admittance refused. He called himself her husband—she said he was an impostor. He attempted to explain. It was useless. A crowd gathered around, and the laugh became general. At last, in his perplexity, the Hoosier exclaimed: "Sallie, look at my feet!"

One glance at the pedal extremities assured her. "Yes, John," she said, "I know them feet. They can come in, but *keep that head out of my sight.*"—*N. O. Picayune.*

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The following is given as a "literal translation" of a bill of fare as recently presented at a gentleman's table in Paris:

Horse soup with millet.
Minced cat, Mayonnaise sauce.
Shoulder of dog, tomato sauce.
Jugged cat, with mushrooms.
Dog chops, with peas.
Salmis of rat, sauce Robert.
Joint of dog, served with young rats, and pepper sauce.
Begonia with gravy.
Salad, etc.
English plum pudding, with horse marrow.

Disguised Men Wrest a Negro Criminal from an Officer, Chain Him and Riddle His Body with Bullets.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

A gentleman from Mississippi brings information of a horrible tragedy which occurred at Shukulak, a station on the Mobile and Ohio railroad a few days ago. It seems that a negro had shot a white man named Cogill, on the road near that place, and having been arrested, was placed in the depot in charge of a constable, to await the arrival of a train by which he was to be conveyed to Brooksville for imprisonment or examination. While he was waiting at the station, the excitement in the town became red hot, as particulars of the occurrence became known, and during the night a gentleman called on the constable in charge of the negro, and demanded the surrender of the latter, to which the constable objected. The gentleman then retired, and all was quiet for an hour, when a band of some forty men, equipped and disguised *a la* Ku Klux, made its appearance on the scene, and took the prisoner by force, the constable making little or no resistance, which, however, under the circumstances, would have been useless. Leading the trembling wretch, by a chain around his neck, out on the platform, he was made fast, and after a lapse of a few moments, at a given signal, a volley of shot was poured into him.

He fell immediately, riddled with bullets, and expired without uttering a word. The band then left. Who composed it is simply a matter of conjecture. The name of the negro we have not ascertained, nor could our informant explain the circumstances of the shooting of Cogill or what led to it. Cogill was dangerously wounded, the bullet passing through his face and out near the right eye. At last accounts his recovery was considered doubtful. The lynching of the negro caused some excitement in the vicinity of its occurrence, and at the time our informant left there was apprehension of a serious time with the negro militia, who were reported hastening to the scene of the tragedy.

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Value of Revaccination in Smallpox

Most of our readers are aware of the extent to which the smallpox has ravaged France, and especially Paris, and of the continued discussion of remedies and indications of the disease. In response to a request from the Minister of the Interior to the Imperial Academy of Medicine the following statement of established facts was returned: First, vaccinations is a preservative against smallpox; second, in every instance, after a certain time, revaccination is expedient to secure complete exemption from contagion; third, revaccination is an absolute security from danger; fourth revaccination is useful at all ages; fifth, it can be employed without inconvenience during the existence of the epidemic, and it is perfectly well established that in certain localities—in the bosom of families, in boarding schools, and other agglomerations of individuals—it has succeeded in arresting upon the spot an epidemic just begun; sixth, the actual epidemic of small pox, which prevails in Paris and other points of French territory, has supplied a most convincing proof of the protective power of revaccination; finally, it was stated that in various army corps, and especially in the Garde de Paris, and in many public and private establishments, particularly in some of the municipal schools, the smallpox was entirely checked after revaccination; and also, that the latest statistics, especially those collected in the civil hospitals of Paris, prove in the most positive manner that persons recently revaccinated have been attacked only in a very small proportion, and very lightly, so as not to figure in the statistics of mortality. It is, therefore, concluded that it is in the highest degree important, both in the interest of the individual and of the public, to continue to extend in every possible way the practice of revaccination—*Editor's Scientific Record in Harper's Magazine.*

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Exhibition of Domestic Affection.

Last week there was a private wedding at the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, in New York. The bride was the beautiful daughter of a widow, and the oldest of a family of five girls. The groom was a young man well known in business circles.

Only relatives and immediate family friends were present, and none unless particularly invited. On this account no ushers were engaged, and the duty of seating the guests devolved on the sexton of the church. Seats for the family were reserved in front, and it was arranged that after the family should follow the bride and groom, and that the knot should at once be tied.

At the appointed time the four younger daughters arrived in a carriage, and said to the sexton: "Give us the seats reserved for the family." This he did, and by cruel mistake the next carriage which arrived contained the pair about to be married, when, according to previous arrangement, the mother and a friend should have next arrived. The young lady, anxious that no mistake should occur whereby her mother would be deprived of witnessing the ceremony, said to the sexton, "Have the family arrived?"

Being answered in the affirmative, the happy couple walked up the aisle to where the minister was in waiting, and the knot was quickly tied. As the newly married pair were leaving the church, they met the mother of the bride in the vestibule. The old lady threw up her arms and cried aloud, "Oh, Sarah, what have you been doing?" The daughter then discovered her mistake, burst into tears, and throwing herself on her mother's breast, exclaimed: "Mother, mother, I have been getting married," and the two wept as if their hearts would break.

The guests at first feared that the young wife was taken suddenly ill, but when they learned the cause of the ridiculous exhibition they laughed as heartily as the others had cried.

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As to Low Dresses.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

Most fashions owe their origin to an attempt to give prominence to the strong point or hide the weak point of a King or Queen. Thus powder came into vogue to conceal a Queen's gray hair, and large perukes because a King was bald. We learn, however, from a Belgian paper, that the custom of ladies exhibiting their busts in all the beauty of nature has a far more romantic origin. In a battle in which the French were engaged (all dates, we may mention, are reserved,) their ranks were broken, and they were routed.

When they retreated, their women bared their breasts and entreated them to pierce them rather than permit them to fall into the hands of the enemy. This was too much for the gallant Gauls.—Nerved with fresh courage, they turned, renewed the combat and were victorious.

From this, our French women have on fatal occasions, always been accustomed to wear their dresses low. In fact, when you see one who appears to have forgotten the upper part of her dress, it is no proof of indelicacy, but simply an indication of the power of national sentiment. This satisfactorily explains what many ignorant people have taken for impropriety. We live and learn.

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Experts in the game of euchre (which we do not understand) declare that the original version of Bret Harte's history of the Heathen Chinee's game with the able and efficient Nye, was to the effect that the ignorant player had twenty-four packs in his sleeves, is impossible for a Chinee, however heathenish, to carry twenty-four packs in that department of his attire.

To Correspondents.

ADAM EARNEST.—1. We allow every person raising a club of ten an extra copy. 2. The regular commission and that only. See circular. If you haven't got one, send to us and we will send it. 3. We do not know that the Musical Institute you refer to is the best, nor can we say which is. There are many good ones.

J. E. C., Layton's Station, Pa., wants our opinion as to whether a union of Churches would advance the cause of Christianity. There are as many opinions on this topic, almost, as there are Christians. Our opinion is that it would not. There are so many different minds in the world that it would be impossible to bring them all to work well in one form. The man who is a Methodist is a Methodist not only because the creed commends itself to his judgment, but because the peculiar form of government and the manner of working, suits his temperament. The genuine Methodist or Presbyterian would be almost useless in an Episcopalian church, and vice-versa, but each works in his own way for the same cause, and works effectually, which he would not do otherwise. It is true, doubtless, that the church is divided into too many branches, but divisions are, we think, essential, as each division is adapted to some class that could only be useful in that place.

As to subjects for debating clubs, always take current topics. The Franco-German war affords a dozen, and their discussion would add largely to the common stock of information. For instance, this one:—"Ought King William to have withdrawn his armies from French soil after the fall of Louis Napoleon at Sedan?" Or this: "Would King William be justified in bombarding Paris?" These questions are the ones discussed everywhere, and a debating club can do no better than to discuss them also.

A friend from Pyrmont, Carroll county, Ill., sends us one of the swindling counterfeit money circulars of King & Co., New York. We have exposed this swindle a score of times. This rule is a good one: ☞ Send no money to parties who propose to give you $2 for $1. All such propositions are swindles no matter how specious an appearance they may have.

E. N., Jeromeville, Ashland county, O.—MR. LOCKE is not the sole editor of the BLADE and FARM JOURNAL. Besides the firm (A. P. MILLER, D. R. LOCKE and J. P. JONES) there are five others who devote all their time and talents to those papers. GEO. H. DIETZ, of Chambersburg, Pa., does sell White Spanish Chickens. You have doubtless received your December number of the FARM JOURNAL by this time. We have no faith in chip manure alone, as we do not see that it can have fertilizing qualities to any extent. Still many people use it and believe in it. It can do no harm. It is good about the roots of trees.

RED ACORN, Platteville, Wis.—For a description of the likeness of GEN THOMAS, write to R. W. CARROLL & Co., Cincinnati, O. We will publish the matter you desire if we can get a full report.

ADDIE BELL, Monmouth, Ill.—Joan of Arc, as she is commonly called, was Jean Darc. She was the daughter of a French peasant of Domremy, in France, in 1400. She had no education, but was brought up to the tending of sheep. The legend current in her neighborhood that a virgin should relieve France of her enemies, took possession of her, and she become filled with the idea that she was the virgin selected by Heaven for the purpose. She had much trouble to get her claims recognized, but the fortunes of the Dauphin were desperate, and she was sent to him at Chinon where Charles then held his Court. She singled out the King from a crowd of courtiers. After a tedious examination her claims were admitted, and she was permitted to lead the French armies. She met with wonderful success for a time. She vanquished the English in several battles, her presence inspiring the French with unheard-of valor. Finally, however, she was taken prisoner, accused of sorcery, and burned at the stake at Rouen, May 31, 1431, the King of France whom she had saved, doing nothing to prevent it. She was a pure girl laboring under a delusion, doubtless, but honestly believing in all she professed.—Poor Richard was a character invented by BEN FRANKLIN for his famous Almanac. He made of Poor Richard a philosophical old gentleman, who uttered all those wise proverbs. Thus: "A fat kitchen makes a lean will—as Poor Richard says." FRANKLIN put all his sayings in the mouth of 'Poor Richard.'

IGNORANT, Claysville, West Va.—Any bookseller will furnish you the books you want. If there is no bookseller near you, address LEE & SHEPARD, 149 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

H. S., Tipton, Iowa.—Major ANDERSON was pensioned by the Government. The advertisement you mention was doubtless an abominable swindle, though we do not know the precise 'nub,' unless it be the 25 cents to be sent for the photograph of the baby. A person could get a thousand children placed in New York on better terms. The Parson is a Mason in good standing.

J. T., Manchester, Iowa.—Oroide gold is no gold at all. It is a composition metal which by a violent stretch of the imagination might be said to resemble gold, by one who had not seen much gold. Let it severely alone.

H. B. F. GORDON, Darke Co., Ohio, will communicate with H., Box 38, Pennville, Ind., he will hear something to his advantage regarding to emigration to Nevada. "H" will start about the 1st of June.

C. J. M., Brownsville, Mo.—We do not club with the *Scientific American.*

A CONSTANT READER, Chelsea, Penn., writes: "Please answer through the 'Correspondents' Column' the following questions: The meaning of the names 'Jeremy Diddler' and 'Flora McFlimsy', sometimes seen in papers; the origin and meaning of the following quotations: 'A Roland for an Oliver', and 'Robbing Peter to pay Paul'. The meaning of the characters (!) and (?), interrogation and exclamation points as used in the body of a sentence; for example, 'In this glorious (!) territory, the women vote'; and the characters 15*, 16*, 17*, etc., seen at the bottom of pages in books. Does registering letters hold the U. S. government responsible for the money contained in the letter if lost? Does Thanksgiving come on the same day throughout the United States? What is the postage on monthly papers and magazines?"—'Jeremy Diddler' was a character in an English comedy. He was what would be known now as a "confidence man"—a trickster. "Flora McFlimsey" is the title of a popular poem written by STEADMAN, of New York. She is a young lady of fashion who, with an hundred different dresses, complains that she has "nothing to wear." The phrase, "a Roland for an Oliver" originated in this wise: Two of King ARTHUR's Knights, ROLAND and OLIVER, were distinguished for their prowess, and their fellows in arms were divided as to which excelled. When a friend of ROLAND narrated some remarkable feat of his hero, one of the other faction would invariably narrate an equally wonderful achievement of the other, and vice versa. "There's a Roland for your Oliver" became a phrase which has outlasted ARTHUR and his Knights. "Robbing Peter to pay Paul." In Rome there were two funds collected by the papal authorities for specific purposes—one collected in the name of ST. PETER and one in the name of ST. PAUL. It became necessary to use some of ST. PAUL's fund for another purpose, whereupon the deficiency was made up from ST. PETER's. The custodian of the latter objected, characterizing the transaction as "robbing PETER to pay PAUL." The interrogation in the middle of a sentence is "sarkastical," as ARTEMUS would say. The figures at the bottom of pages in a book indicate the number of pages that are printed in one form, to guide the binder in putting the book together. Registering a letter does not make the government responsible for it. It only enables the Department to track lost money with more certainty. Thanksgiving does now occur on the same day in all the States. President LINCOLN first nationalized the festival, and all the Governors appoint the day designated by the President. The postage on monthly publications is 12 cts. per year.

W. M., of Morgan, Ashtabula county, Oh., asks:—"Would there be any 'sound' if there were no ear to hear. For instance, should a tree fall 100 miles from any ear, would there be sound there?"—The answer to your question must depend on what you mean by "sound," whether the vibrations caused by the falling object, or the effect produced on the ear. WORCESTER defines "sound" to be: "The sensation excited *in the organs of hearing* by the vibrations of the air or other medium." Consistently with this definition we answer your question in the negative—There would be a vibration of the air produced by the falling of the tree, but as there would be no ear to be affected, of course, there would be no sound.

J. H., Williams County, Ohio.—Easter Sunday is celebrated as the anniversary of the Resurrection of the Saviour. In the Protestant Episcopal, the Greek and the Roman Catholic churches, it is made an occasion of great rejoicing after the fasting and self-denial of the Lenten season, which continues forty days, exclusive of Sundays, in commemoration of Christ's fasting in the wilderness. Lent ends with the Saturday before Easter Sunday.

Easter does not come on the same day of the month because it is what the Church calls a 'Movable Feast' and is governed by the moon. It always falls on the *first Sunday after the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox.* Thus the Vernal Equinox occurs always on the 21st of March. Should the full moon occur nearly a months after this, Easter would occur late in April. Should it occur immediately after the 21st, Easter may occur in March. The custom of using eggs at this season, originated in the fact that the egg is typical of the resurrection. Everything in the animal creature which propagates its kind comes out of an egg, and the egg is therefore typical of life, as of rising out of that which is dead unto life.

We have received the following under date of Mount Vernon, O., December 24th, 1870, regarding the homestead law:

EDITOR TOLEDO BLADE:—I have read with interest two letters, lately published in the BLADE, from soldiers giving their views on the "soldiers' home-stead law," and as I am as much interested as any one—having served in the army from Oct. '61, to April, '66—I would like to say a word or two about bounty land.

The law as it is, is not just, because no one but a farmer can take advantage of it with any chance of success. A mechanic would stand no chance at all.

Now I would rather see a system of *graduated* land warrants. For instance, let the three months man receive a warrant for 40 acres; the one year man, 80 acres; the two years' man 120 acres and the three years' man, 160 acres. It is said, however, that speculators would buy the warrants; very well, every soldier would get a cash value for the land-warrant he would get from the Government, while as it now is, not one soldier in ten will ever get one cent out of it. MECHANIC.

J. C., Barton, Md.—If your people are reading people you ought to be able to do a good business in Books, &c. Your capital is rather small, but well handled, it will do. Beware of credits, however. Do a cash business.

J. H. BURNER, Homer, Ohio, wants to know the whereabouts of WILLIAM CERRY SMITH, a member of the 12 h Indiana Regiment Vol. Inf., if living, and if not, where he died. He formerly lived near Richmond, Indiana.

A. A. T., Gowanda.—We do not club with the Colorado *Miner.*

MISS L. D., Winchester, Ill.—We can furnish you Paul Denman complete.

A. E. P., Clayville, N. Y.—Mason and Dixon were two English surveyors sent over by the Crown to run the correct line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. Afterward, Pennsylvania becoming a Free State, Mason and Dixon's line became the dividing line between freedom and slavery.

J. R. T., Savannah, Mo.—The Educational Monthly is published at Columbus, Ohio.

R. W. T.—The Illinois State *Zeitung* is a good German paper published in Chicago.

G. A. K., Fort Seneca, Ohio, wants to know who was the mother of Mary, the mother of Jesus. There is nothing in the scriptures on the subject. The Catholics hold that St. Ann was the mother of Mary.

JAMES BENNINGTON, Attica, Seneca county, Ohio, wants information concerning his son, AARON E. BENNINGTON, who enlisted in the regular army at Toledo about one year ago.

ELIZABETH GISENDHITE, Manor Hill, Pa.—Write to T. W. TALMAGE, Columbus, Ohio.

INQUIRER, Ashland, O., wants to know if a note given by a minor can be collected. Not unless it was given for the necessities of life. A minor cannot make a contract for anything else that will bind him. The book you speak of may be procured of LEE & SHEPARD, 149 Washington st., Boston, Mass. We do not know the price—probably $1 50. Remit to them $2.00 and if the price is less they will send to you the excess. They are reliable and honorable.

W. H. B., Livingstonville, N. Y., wants to know whether a mortgage given fifteen years ago must be paid in gold or its equivalent?—The Supreme Court did decide that contracts made before the passage of the legal tender act must be paid in gold, but the State Courts have very generally held the reverse. The case on which the Supreme Court's decision was made has been assigned for re hearing, and there can be but little doubt that it will be reversed. Ask a good lawyer as to what your State Courts have decided in such cases.

A. M. ELLIS, Vandrlia, Ill.—Take the "Congressional Globe," Washington.

ETHELDA, Gallipolis, O.—It is not necessary to go to Europe to study Sculpture, but it is necessary to study the art under a competent instructor. Boston is perhaps the best place in the United States. For particulars as to materials, &c., write to T. D. JONES, Cincinnati, or WALTER M. BRACKETT, Boston Mass. Enclose a stamp and state to them your ideas fully. If you choose to commence alone (and it is perhaps as well to test your powers) try to carve any object out of wood. You can satisfy yourself with a block of pine, a penknife and a chisel, whether you have talent. If you have not, let it alone.

G. D., Linden, Iowa, asks:—"Is it any violation of any law of the United States to deface American coin; for instance, to make it into jewelry cane heads, etc." No, you may do what you like with it.

J. B. BUTLER, Miller's Station, Pa.—Coal ashes are good about fruit trees. HENRY PHILLIPS & Co., Toledo, Ohio. The cost of binding the *Farm Journal* in the style you mention would be 75c.

A SUBSCRIBER of Streve, Ohio, makes the following statement:—"About five years ago as the soldiers were returning after the conclusion of the war, a soldier got off the train at this place, entered a bakery and purchased some edibles, paying for them with a fifty dollar bill. The proprietor returned to him the amount of five dollars including the purchase, when the soldier hastened out to catch the departing train. From what can be ascertain now it is supposed that the rightful owner is dead. Now I wish to know if there is not a law of recent enactment, decreeing that all such money shall be applied to the benefit of the Soldier's Home." If so, to whom shall the return be made?"—There is no such law.

FARMER, Scio, Iowa.—You can get the annual Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture by applying to your Representative. By the way for any report or book published by the government, send to your Congressman or Senator.

E. A. P., Napoleon.—Harper's Book of Etiquette is perhaps the best. We do not know the cost. Write to Lee & Shepard, 149 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

G. W. M., Fort Wayne, Ind.—You are doubtless entitled to a pension and would have got it, but for some informality in your papers. Send to T. W. TALMAGE, Columbus, Ohio. He will do it if it can be done at all.

F. H. Dryden, Mich.—GEO. B. FANNIS & Co., 58 Pearl street, New York, is a reliable firm. Wouldn't you do better to ship to Toledo?

S. R., Lawrenceville, Ill.—An agent may solicit orders for books without a license, but when he delivers he becomes a peddlar and must have one. The selling of a patent makes it necessary to take out a license at the beginning. We think the firm of SNYDER & VANSICKLEN is good. They give good references.

W. C., Bradford, Ohio.—For Homeopathic books send to WM. RADDE, Pub. North American Journal of Homeopathy, New York.

A. B. B., Neoga, Ill.—According to HALLER, who is authority, the brain of the male man weighs from 3 lb 3 oz., to 3 lb 8½ oz. The female brain weighs from 4 to 8 oz. less than the male. Daniel Webster's brain, the largest we believe, ever weighed in America, weighed 63½ ounces.

J. M. C., Higginsville, Ill.—We do not know. Drop a line to LEE & SHEPARD, 149, Washington street, Boston, Mass. They can get it for you if it is in print.

M. E. McM., Shelbyville, Mo.—The first camp meeting in the United States was held by the Presbyterians in Frederick Co., Maryland. The date is not precisely known.

J. W. C., Stetson, Me.—We think Fremont, O. He did live there, and a letter to the Postmaster at that place would ascertain his whereabouts.

L. S. B., Republic, Ohio.—King William of Prussia is the father of the Crown Prince, a brother in law of the Duke of Mecklenburgh and an uncle of the present Czar of Russia. The mother of the Czar was a sister of King William.

⁂ We have probably a hundred or more letters which will be answered as soon as we can procure accurate information. Our correspondents will be patient.

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☞ $1,000 Reward will be paid by the proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery for a medicine that will equal it in curing all the diseases for which it is recommended. In the cure of severe and lingering Coughs, Bronchitis and diseases of the lungs and as a blood purifier and strengthening medicine it cannot be too highly recommended. It acts promptly upon the liver, removing torpor or "Billiousness." Sold by all druggists.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MUNICH, December 28.—The Baravain House of Deputies have rejected the Federal treaties with a view of obtaining an improvement to their terms.

MUNICH, December 28.—The Bavarian Chamber of Deputies have voted in favor of an enlarged South German Bund, to be allied with that of the North German Confederation.

The weather in the southern part of France is intensely cold.

The Prussians cannonaded the town of St. Calais, on the 21st, and then entered the place, where they committed many depredations. General Chanzey sent a formal protest to the Prussian General, and subsequently issued an order of the day to his troops, in which he says: "I have warned the Prussians against the further perpetration of such horrible actions as they have committed against unarmed places and people, who merit better treatment from the enemy because of their humanity to Prussia's sick and wounded." The General adds that it is evident that France is not combatting loyal enemies, but devastating hordes, but she will continue to struggle to preserve her honor and independence.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 28.—The Turkish Government has, in a note, urged upon the Great Powers, its objections to a discussion of all the questions affecting the Danubian Principalities in the London Conference.

BERLIN, Dec. 28.—Information has been received here that the Porte has ordered the Bosphorus and Dardanelles coasts to be protected by torpedoes.

The French Army of the North has concentrated around Arras. The health of the troops is excellent.

HAVRE, Dec. 26.—Since Saturday evening the city has been intensely excited over the first important struggle between the French troops and the Prussians, which occurred Saturday morning at day break. Although without any decisive result, it is regarded as valuable proof of the efficiency of the artillery and their capacity. The Mobiles tireurs encountered the regular troops. After a number of petty engagements and skirmishes with the Uhlans and Saxons, the people became clamorous for a grand sortie. Accordingly, the 18th, 19th and 20th battalions, forming a column of 5,000 men, pressed on from Horfleur. The force consisted of 3,500 Mobiles, 800 Tireurs, one battery of regular artillery, 12 field pieces, two mitrailleuses and five Armstrong guns. The expedition was intended as the accomplishment of the occupation of Yoetel and the capture of 1,000 Prussian artillery and infantry known to have been stationed at that point. The Prussian losses were about 300 killed, and the French under 200. Since the fight the Prussian force have again fallen back.

BORDEAUX, Dec. 29.—The entire population in the Eastern Department is roused to the emergency of the situation, and assist the troops to the utmost of their ability in the battles and skirmishes. The government has taken measures for the distribution of arms among the people everywhere.

Official dispatches just received announce that the Prussians hastily evacuated Dijon at the approach of the French forces. This is the first result of the campaign undertaken in the East by order of the War Department, and which was hastened by the exertions of Gambetta at Lyons.

LILLE, Dec. 29.—An official contradiction is given to the dispatches that the Prussians, which falsely represent the battle of Port Nayelles, as a German victory, and claim to have taken some French troops prisoners. Not a single Frenchman was captured. The Prussians have lost heavily in battle and from sickness. In the north and north-east of France the villages are encumbered with German wounded. Great numbers of German soldiers are suffering from opthalmia. There are 18,000 sick and wounded Germans at Chalons Sur Marie.

BERLIN, Dec. 29.—The provincial correspondence says that the bombardment of Mount Avron may be considered as an introduction of the general shelling of Paris, inasmuch as its capture will greatly facilitate operations against the French capital.

LONDON, December 29.—The Germans in the Eastern Department are retreating. They have already evacuated the town of Gray in the Valley of the Saone. A proclamation has been issued by the Prussian Government, placing under blockade all ports in France now occupied or hereafter captured by German forces.

MADRID, Dec. 30.—The Cortes have adopted resolutions expressing their horror at the attempt to assassinate General Prim, and passed a vote of confidence in the government.

JAN. 2.—Gen. Prim died this morning of his wounds.

MADRID, Dec. 30.—Several battalions of the National Guard, quartered in republican quarters in Madrid, refused to attend a review which was held on Sunday in honor of the new king. Serious disturbances are apprehended.

The squadron from Italy bearing the future king of Spain, was signalled yesterday off Barcelona and will reach Cartagena to-day.

It is believed that the government will withdraw its bill suspending constitutional guarantees. The disarmament of the republican battalions and the national guard has commenced.

Advices from Madrid state that Gen. Prim has announced his determination to resign in person to King Amadeus, and pleads as his reason a desire to return to private life.

LONDON, Dec. 30th.—The Times estimates the entire number of French troops at 750,000.

Gen. Barbaki's command is charged, especially with the duty of re-victualing Paris, and has already on hand a large amount of live stock and provisions for that purpose. At the proper moment this army will make a desperate effort to join Chanzy's force and re-unite with the army of the Loire, which will then push on to Paris.

Earl Granville received an official dispatch from the French Government at Bordeaux, in which France declares her determination not to send a delegate to the Peace Conference to be held in London unless the British Government shall first recognize the Republic. A dispatch of similar tone has been sent to each of the other powers.

BORDEAUX, December 30. Accounts received here report that both the Prussian and French troops suffered terribly from the cold. Strong reinforcements have been sent forward from all points to replace the French soldiers thus incapacitated. Vast quantities of material calculated to increase the comfort of the troops have also been sent forward. It appears that the Prussians committed depredations at Orleans and Blois because the inhabitants, who had been ruined, were not able to meet their requisitions. At Orleans the Prussians threatened to take away, as hostages, fifty prominent citizens unless 600,000 francs were paid them for the maltreatment of Prussian soldiers.

VERSAILLES, Dec. 22, via LONDON, Dec. 30.—The Prussian 12th corps occupied Mont Avron after one day's bombardment. The French, in their retreat, left behind their dead and many gun carriages and rifles.

The German reinforcements on their way to France number 126,000 men.

BERLIN, Dec. 30.—The Federal Treaties with Baden, Hesse and Wurtemburg have been ratified. The upper chamber, Bavarian District, passed the treaty by nearly an unanimous vote.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—8 P. M.—The conference of the different powers on the eastern question has been indefinitely postponed as France has refused to take part, and the absence of one of the signatures of the treaty of Paris, would render the meeting useless.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—Much speculation is indulged in as to what may be the action of the approaching Congress on the Black Sea question. It is believed that the preliminary difficulties to be encountered, will be hard to overcome, as it is almost certain that the Russian representative at the beginning of the proceedings will announce formally as a fixed policy of his government the abrogation clause in the treaty with Paris regarding the armament of Russian vessels in the Black Sea, already an accomplished fact by the will of the Emperor of Russia, who cannot allow such abrogation to be open to a question liable to any probable action of Congress.

On the other hand many suppose, from Bismark's last diplomatic note, published in the Herald, that Prussia will refuse to meet the accredited representatives of the French government, which commissions officers who have broken parole. Another difficulty is anticipated from the protests against the meeting on the part of Prussia and Russia, unless it is held on the understanding that all matters foreign to the Paris treaty be excluded. It is believed that the meeting will be delayed long beyond the appointed time.

HAVANA, Dec. 30.—Advices from Santiago de Cuba, dated the 23d, state that on the 18th 300 insurgents, including 40 negresses, armed with cutlasses, attacked and burned Socapo, a flourishing village distant five miles from the city, opposite Moro Fortress, at the mouth of the harbor. They forced a small detachment of defenders to retreat and killed nine persons, including two women. They decamped after taking everything from the village. The Moro fired at the party, but ineffectually. As there was no boat to carry the troops, those which were sent to intercept the rebels arrived too late.

A brig has arrived at Santiago, bringing the report that the fillibuster steamer Hornet passed Inagua on the 18th inst., followed, three hour later, by a British steamer. It is now rumored here that the Hornet has now entered the Bay of Nipe and landed her expedition.

◆

Why is an empty champagne-bottle like an orphan? Because it has lost its "pop."

☞ See advertisement of Dr. BUTTS' Dispensary, headed, Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

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Mrs. James—Oh yes; I am now on my way for more of my favorite medicine—PLANTATION BITTERS. One bottle of it is worth all the world. No more doctors for me.

Mrs. Gates.—Nearly every one speaks well of PLANTATION BITTERS, and I have a mind to try it myself. The fact is, I have no appetite, strength or energy for anything. Mary and Lizzie are in the same way, and lounge about the house all day long, good for nothing.

Mrs. James.—My word for it, Mrs. Gates, just let them try PLANTATION BITTERS moderately three time a day, and you will see a wonderful improvement.

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N. B.—The author of the above named books, or Dr. Parker, may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience. dec15wtmos 65

The Markets,

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1870.

Cotton—Sales at 15⅛c for middling uplands. Flour is steady and unchanged with a moderate demand; receipts 7,000 bbls. Wheat is quiet and without any decided change; receipts 6,000 bush; sales 30,000 bu at 141@142c for new spring; 146@148c for winter red and amber western. Rye is quiet and unchanged. Corn steady; receipts 8,000 bu; sales 32,000 bu at 76@77c for new mixed western. Barley dull and nominal. Oats dull, receipts 30,000 bu; sales 28,000 bu at 64@67c for western and Ohio. Pork is dull and nominal at $19¾@20 00 for new and $19@19 50 for old mess. Lard heavy at 11¾@12¼c for steam and 12¼@12⅝c for kettle. Butter, Cheese and Eggs are unchanged. Whisky 94c. Sugar dull. Petroleum—13c for crude and 23¾c for refined.

Chicago Market.

Dec. 31—11 A. M.

Wheat; receipts, 43,000 bu. Corn; receipts 47,000 bu. Oats; receipts 14,000 bu. Rye, receipts 560 bu. Barley; receipts, 1,000. Dressed Hogs; receipts, 4,855; shipments, 8,000. Live Hogs, receipts, 20,290; shipments, 1,246. Wheat steady; No 2 108@108¼c cash and seller January; 109@109¼c last half. Corn firm, 45¼c bid for new No. 2. Other grains nominal.

LATER.

CHICAGO, December 31, 2:00 P. M.—Wheat firm and more active; No. 1 9½c; No 2 8½c cash and seller January, 9½c last half. Corn active—good speculative demand. New No. 2 2½c; cash 4½c seller February. Other grades neglected. Oats steady; No. 2, 39c. Rejected, 36½c.

Cincinnati Market.

Dec. 31.

Flour firm at $5 50@5 60. Wheat lower; sample lots 114c. Corn scarce and steady at 54@55c. Oats dull and drooping, at 50@54c. Rye firm, at 83c. Barley steady at 95c@100c. Whiskey steady, at 87c. Hogs opened active at $6 30@6 50. Receipts 5,500, but closed dull. Provisions weaker at close of 'change. More disposition to sell than to buy. Green meats sold at 6¼c for shoulders; 8¾@8½c for sides; and 10¼c@11c for hams. Nothing done in mess pork or lard; prices nominal. Butter in better supply and prices easier; 28c@31c. Eggs dull at 30c. Linseed oil firm at 91c. The river has fallen 15 inches; 9 feet 3 inches of water in the channel. Weather cloudy; thermometer 38.

Buffalo Market.

Dec. 31, 1870.

Market generally inactive and prices unchanged; holders firm; no transactions. Receipts of live stock for the week ending noon to-day was 307 cars cattle, 30 sheep, 114 hogs. Shipments for the same time, 267 cattle cars, 16 sheep, 130 hogs.

Oswego Market.

Dec. 30, 1870.

Flour quiet. Wheat firm; No 1 Milwaukee 187c.

St. Louis Market.

Dec. 31, 1870.

Flour steady and unchanged. Wheat firm; No. 2 red worth $1 28. Corn firm at 43¼c, and 46c for mixed in bulk. Oats firm, at 38½c@40½c on track. Barley and rye—nothing doing. Whiskey firm at 89c. Provisions dull and nominal; the only order of business doing. Pork $1 @$19.25. Dry salt shoulders 7c; clear rib 9¾c, and clear 10c@10¼c. Lard quiet at 11¾c. Hogs firm at $6.25@6.40. Partial receipts 2,510.

Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, December 29—Beef Cattle—receipts to-day, 600. There is just a shadow of improvement, as only 5,570 arrived this week. Some cattle go over till Monday. Fifty Texas, 1,060 lbs gross, brought 11½c; 110 Illinois 6¾ cwt, 13c. The market is still full. Dressed beef is selling extremely slow. Sheep—receipts, 2,000, completing 19,500 for the week. They can scarcely be sold at any price, so dull are all the markets; they are quoted at 4¾@4¾c for poor to good, one lot of 95 lbs Indiana selling at 6c; a car of poor 70 lbs sold at 4¾c. Hogs—arrivals, 2,100, making 17,100 for the week. The market was dull and ¾c lower, city dressed selling at 8¾@9c for heavy hogs to light; 8c was the best offer for western dressed; live sold at 7c for five cars Ohio 230 lbs.

ALBANY, December 30—Cattle opened dull; receipts 4,200 head, the average quality being inferior; prices are from 5¼ to 7¼c. Milch cows are in limited demand at last week's prices. Sheep and Lambs—receipts were about 11,200 head, mainly poor and common, for which there was only a limited demand, even at ¼c off from last week's prices. Good and fat are scarce and would sell readily at full prices. The average prices are from 4½ to 6¾c. Nothing of importance done in the live hog market.

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Scovill's Blood and Liver Sirup.

Said a lady to her neighbor, "Have you been to Europe? you look so fresh and healthy." "No," she replied, "I have been using Scovill's Blood and Liver Sirup." jan 5-w1t

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If you wish to find a medicine peculiarly adapted to cure the Snuffles, Wheezing, or bad Colds in your children, which are so apt to bring on the Croup, try Dr. Hall's Balsam, a safe and certain remedy for these complaints. It is also pleasant to the taste. jan 5-w1t

The Body and Its Needs.

Considering the extreme sensitiveness of the human body, and, that it is unprotected except by artificial covering, from the action of cold, it is not strange that at this season it is liable to many disorders. The skin exercises a powerful influence over the stomach and bowels, and when its functions are interrupted by sudden chills that seal the pores and prevent evaporation from the surface, internal congestion is apt to ensue. The digestive organs never perform their office properly when this is the case, and the waste matter of the system, which should be discharged in part through the perspiratory glands, having no other outlet than the bowels and the kidneys, constipation and a variety of renal diseases are more or less prevalent. Dyspepsia, where it exists is also aggravated by those causes. The most effective preventive of and remedy for, disturbances of this nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Acting as a stimulant and tonic, it rouses the stomach and the intestines, imparting to those important organs both activity and regularity. It also operates as a sudorific, by toning the vessels of the skin and promoting the free passage of exhausted matter through that natural sieve of the system. Being a mild diuretic, it gives a healthful impulse to the action of the kidneys, where there is a tendency to dropsy, and as a blood depurent and nervine, has a highly beneficial effect in rheumatic cases. It combines in happy proportions the tonic, alterative, aperient, antiseptic, diaphoretic and antibilious properties requisite for the restoration of a system generally disordered, and has no equal as a winter medicine. jan5-deodtw&w1

THE PLASTER OF THE "TIME." ALLCOCK'S PORUS.

In lumbago they act like a charm. In a few hours a violent cough is relieved by a Plaster applied to the chest. Many persons believe a cold cannot be taken while a Plaster is worn there; this we *do* know, they greatly assist in the cure of a neglected cold, so often the introducer of Consumption.

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A gentleman after a severe sickness, had lesion of the liver. Every quick movement or sudden jar gave him severe pain, often laying him up for days. Hence he was unable to follow any occupation with regularity.

In this condition, he applied over the part affected an ALLCOCK'S PORUS PLASTER. At first it seemed to irritate, so it was taken off. But the marked improvement he experienced afterward gave him courage to try again, and he therefore applied another plaster. In a few days something gave way—"slipped," to use the gentleman's own words. There was some soreness for a few days after, then his health was perfectly restored. Upon being examined by his physician the adhesion or lesion was found to be gone.

Principal Agency, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all Druggists. jan5w1t

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE

CAUTION.

Should occasion require you to purchase B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, be particularly careful to see that the initials are B. A. This is the article that has been so

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